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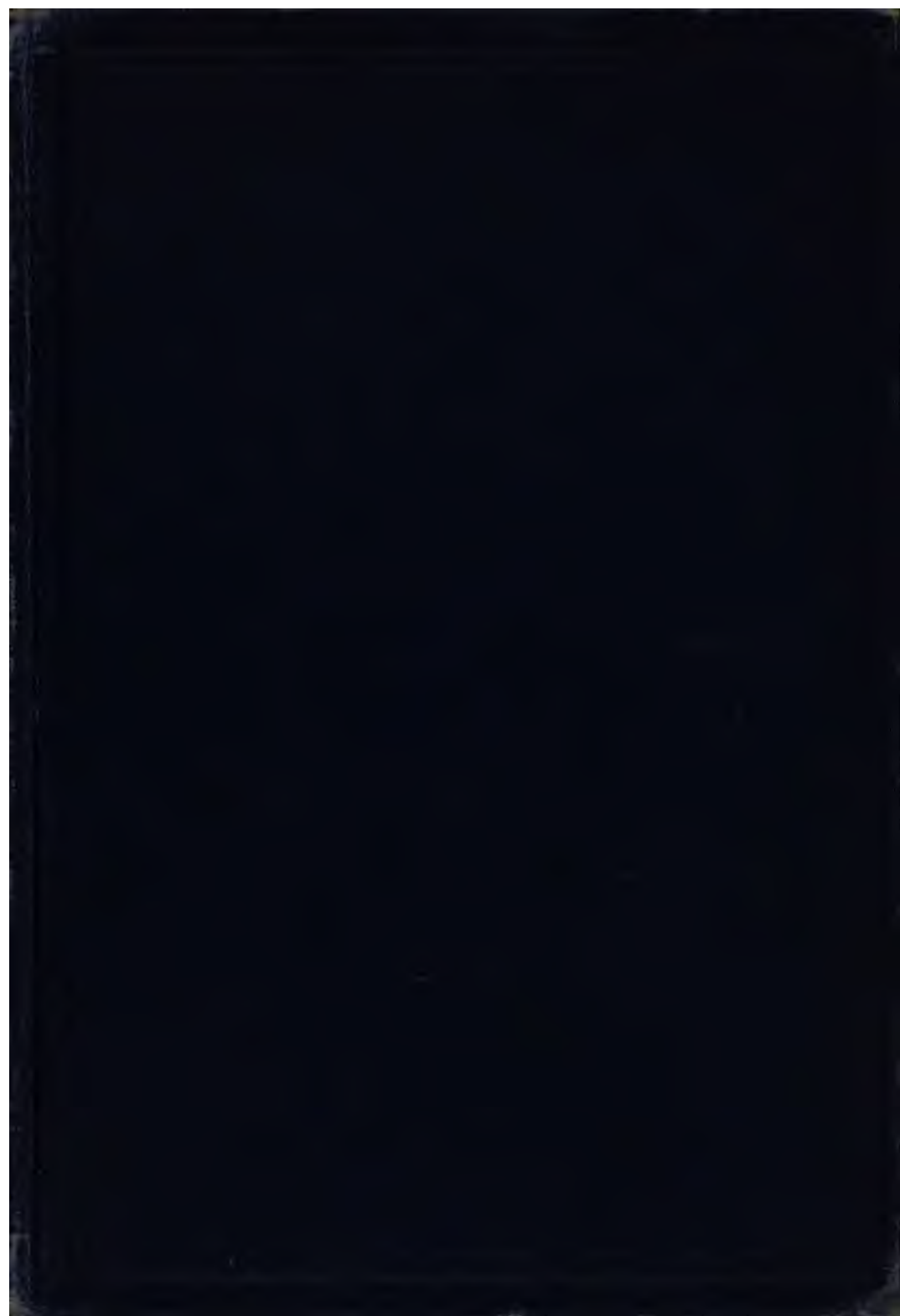
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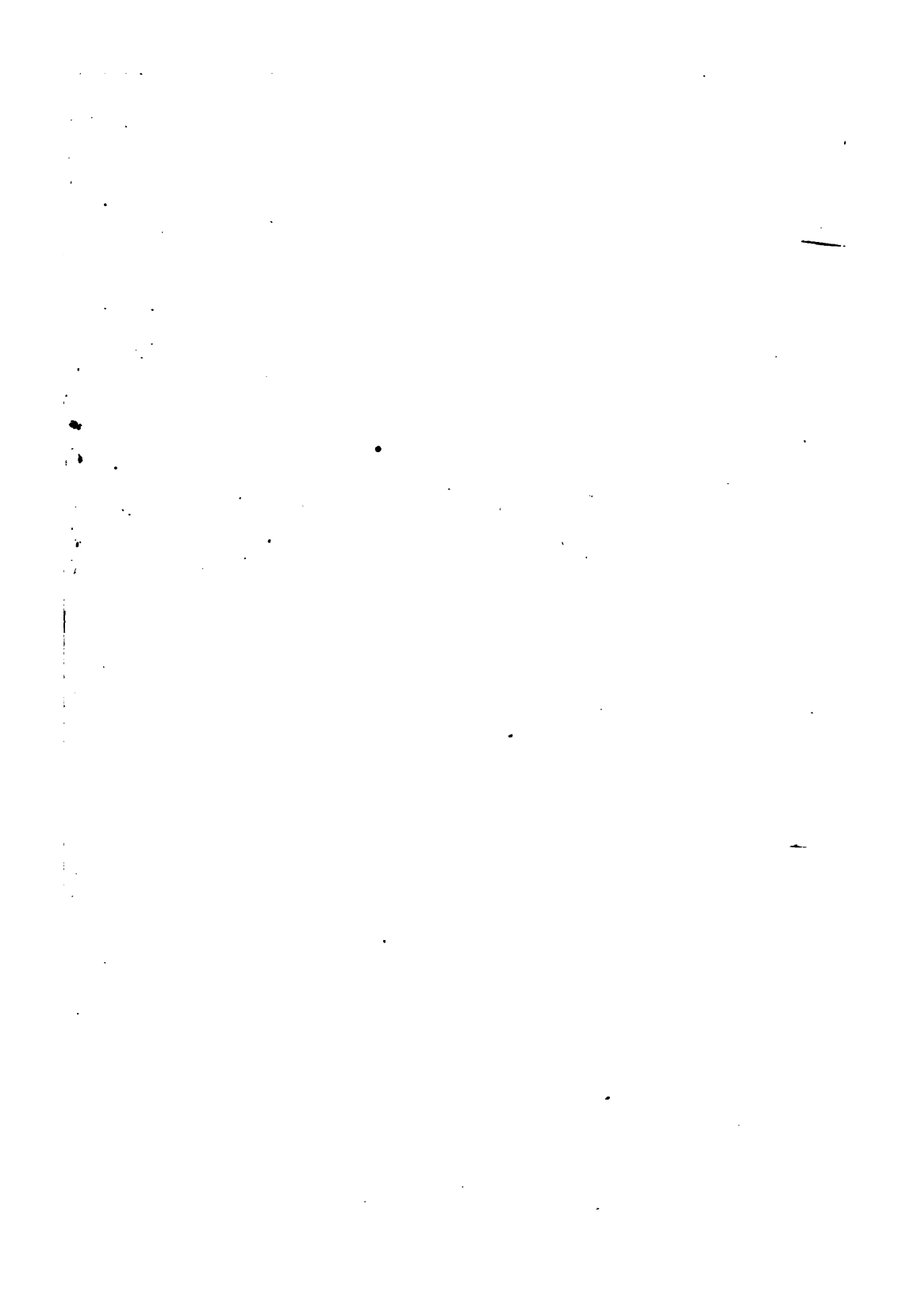


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*Yours Truly,
Photius Fisk.*

FRANCIS FISK.

Biography.

BY J. AN F. HODGE.

"For his bounty,
when winter in't an autumn 't was,
we win more by reaping." — *Shakspeare*.

BOSTON, MASS.

1891.



Yours Truly,
Photius

PHOTIUS FISK.

A Biography.

BY LYMAN F. HODGE.

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PREFACE.

To perpetuate the memory of a life devoted to the cause of universal freedom from the bonds of slavery and tyranny, and to unselfish acts of generosity and charity, this book is written. The example of a life so worthy of the emulation of mankind, indeed, may pass from the remembrance of the race, but the results that spring from noble deeds flow onward, like a rivulet, forever. — The man with all his acts of charity may be forgotten, but the good resulting from his life endeavors, will live on in the improved conditions of the social state.

That such examples may be multiplied, and happiness thereby increased, is the earnest wish of

THE AUTHOR.

PHOTIUS FISK.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY LIFE.

PHOTIUS FISK, whose ancestral name was *Kavasales*, was born in classic Greece ; but he was not to fill the measure of his days amidst the ruins of her ancient grandeur, nor to share the adverse conditions of her modern state. He was removed in infancy or early childhood from the land of his nativity to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, where his father was employed as an accountant in a mercantile house.

His earliest recollections, therefore, were not of his native Morea, but of Smyrna ; and prominent among those recollections were the ravages of that desolating scourge, the plague, which laid its deadly hand alike upon all classes, ages, and conditions. For, in the year 1814, when the child Photius was seven or eight years of age, the pestilence raged in the city, sparing not the loved ones of his family group. In one short week his

father, mother, two brothers, and two sisters were all numbered with the thousands of the dead; and he, himself infected with the plague, found refuge in a Grecian hospital, where he was kindly cared for by the people of his nation, until he had recovered. His elder brother, Athanasius, being not in Smyrna but in Malta at the time, escaped the infection.

They nursed the little sufferer tenderly; but when he called in agony and childlike sorrow for his mother, they said to him: "She has gone out for a little while. She will come soon, if you keep quiet." But still he called aloud with frantic cries and tears, and still they sought to quiet him with the delusive hope that she would quickly come. At length, exhausted by his grief and paroxysms of distress, he fell into a dreamy, troubled sleep to wake again to consciousness of suffering, and craving for the presence of his mother whom he loved so dearly, and whose ministrations, he imagined, could relieve or mitigate his pangs. Thus day followed after day, until the crisis of his malady was passed, and vital forces rallied to the work of reconstruction. Still, his eager questionings elicited evasive and conflicting answers, until they could conceal the truth no longer. Then they revealed to him, as cautiously as possible, that his loved father, mother, brothers, sisters, were all dead, and he alone was left of all their household.

Child though he was, he comprehended the full import of their words. The announcement of the fearful truth fell with a crushing weight upon his heart ; and mental anguish, loneliness, and desolation led him to the verge of dark despair. His kind attendants proffered him their sympathies and consolations ; but their words were powerless to bring consolation in so great a sorrow. He remembered their kind offices with gratitude through all his after life, but he never could forget their falsehood, although it was inspired by their commiseration.

His home made desolate, friends of the family administered to all his wants, while he remained in Smyrna ; but, in due time, after the dread pestilence had ceased its work of death, his maternal uncle, Panages Maneses, a merchant of the island of Malta, provided for the transportation of the boy to that island, and received him gladly as a member of their household. But Maneses' wife, averse to the adoption of a child into their family, urged that two children of their own required her constant, undivided care ; that the intrusion of another would increase her household duties ; and that in her attendance to his wants she must neglect her obligations to their own.

In reply to her objections, Maneses, more considerate and humane than was his wife, said to her : " He is the child of my own sister, — orphaned, homeless, des-

titute,—and would be sure to meet inhuman treatment at the hands of strangers. The providence of God has placed him in our charge to provide for, to watch over, to guide, and to direct as one of our own. I will not cast him off. I will support, protect, and educate him for a life of usefulness and honor.”

In deference to the authority of her husband, who was accustomed to have his way, she reluctantly consented to accept the charge; but she offered to the child no generous welcome. She received him with indifference, and treated him with cold neglect, distributing her favors to the children with a partial hand, discriminating always and largely in favor of her own. If he demurred, she would say: “Take such as I give you, or go without. You do not belong here, that I should make you equal with my children. You are not my boy, and why should I do anything for you?” She oftentimes reprov'd or punished him without a valid reason, and complained of him to her husband for childish mischief which she knew had been committed by her own children; and, if he denied the imputation, she would charge him with a lie. He endured her heartless injustice and ill-treatment because he must, but his heart rebelled against the wrong.

His uncle, though of just and generous nature, and not wanting in affection for the child, was yet austere in his demeanor, and imperative in his requirement of

immediate and strict obedience. He would, undoubtedly, have sacrificed his own interest and comfort to secure a lasting benefit to Photius ; but, believing that his duty as a parent or a guardian required the exercise of stern authority, his discipline was often too severe in the correction of his own children and of Photius. The child was neither obstinate nor inclined to do mischief, yet his childish faults and inattentions were oftentimes corrected with the lash, although a word of mild reproof, or even explanation, would have been sufficient ; and he soon learned to dread the undue severity of his uncle, no less than he despised the heartless meanness of his aunt.

Maneses was himself a man of learning, acquainted with the ancient Greek and Latin, and familiar with the classic literature of Greece and Rome. He was also able to converse in several spoken languages of Europe and Asia Minor, which he had, perhaps imperfectly, acquired in his travels and correspondence as a merchant ; and was, withal, a mathematician of no mean ability.

Perceiving, therefore, the advantages to be derived from a liberal education, he was especially desirous that Photius should be well instructed in the learning of the schools ; but the only school of any note upon the island was conducted and controlled by Jesuits. That, in the view of Maneses, being himself an adherent of

the Greek Church, was a serious objection; but, trusting that a proper home religious training, together with the ministrations of the Greek priest, would counteract any distinctively Roman Catholic influence which might be brought to bear upon the mind of the lad in their school, he finally decided to place the boy under their instruction. But he resolved in his own mind that, while the lad should learn to read and write, and should acquire some knowledge of the fundamental principles of mathematics, he should unlearn at home whatever he might learn in school relating to the doctrines of Purgatory, Papal Supremacy, and other tenets upon which the Greek and Roman Churches were divided. He therefore placed the boy in the Jesuit school, where, being of quick intelligence, retentive memory, and studious habits, he made good progress in the various branches taught. His brother Athanasius, who still remained in Malta, and to whom Photius had become warmly attached, also took an active interest in his education and often gave him instruction in his lessons.

Meantime the general discontent arising from the persecutions and oppressions of the Turkish rule was gathering intensity in Greece. The Greeks had been disarmed and held for centuries in subjection by an overpowering military force. Every point of strategic importance was garrisoned by Turkish troops, who rode in bands from place to place to execute the most in-

human tyrannies. They plundered the defenceless towns. They slaughtered without mercy any who might hesitate to bow before the hated ensign of the Crescent. The most beautiful among the Grecian maidens were torn from their kindred, home, and country by the brutality of Turkish soldiers and sold into a slavery worse than death in the seraglios of the Turkish tyrants. The people were impoverished by such rapacity, and crushed by such relentless tyranny, until they seemed to have degenerated from the grand, heroic spirit of their ancestors, to that condition of abject servility which springs from centuries of tyranny and hopeless poverty and fear.

But the spirit of resistance was awakening in Greece. The limit of forbearance in the temper of the Grecian mind was nearly reached. The frequent local and sometimes wide-spread insurrections were prophetic of a general uprising of the people to throw off the Turkish yoke. The Greeks were gathering their energies and making preparations for united effort to secure their independence; but they lacked the arms and ammunition which are so essential to success in revolutionary warfare.

Consequently the Greek merchants, located in other countries and doing business under the protection of other governments, were secretly procuring and smuggling arms and ammunition into Greece; and prominent

among these was Panages Maneses, who, actuated by the highest patriotic motives, impoverished himself to arm his countrymen for revolutionary war.

Maneses was in secret correspondence with the leading revolutionists in Greece, relating to the purchase of the arms, and the selection of the points at which they could be safely landed and secured from the observation of the Turks, and relating also to the Turkish tyrannies, grown more and more atrocious as the spirit of resistance in the public mind grew more and more apparent. By this means Maneses was especially informed of all important movements of the Grecian patriots in preparation for the coming conflict, and of the general situation of affairs in Greece.

Therefore the Greek merchants in Malta, who were in co-operation with Maneses, often visited his house to obtain advices, and for interchange of views relating to the impending crisis, the probabilities of foreign aid, and of their hopes for ultimate success. Besides, as the reports of insurrection after insurrection were received in Malta, the most intense excitement prevailed among all classes of Greeks upon the island. Their bitter hatred of the Turks, and sympathies for long-afflicted Greece, found unreserved expression as they met in crowds upon the streets.

To many of those discussions, both in his uncle's house and on the street, the boy Photius was a deeply

interested listener. His years of childhood, in which the most indelible impressions and the most permanent convictions of right and wrong are fixed upon the mind, were passed in the midst of revolutionary agitation. His thoughts in early life were centered almost constantly upon the wrongs imposed upon the people of his country by the Turkish tyrants. He learned in boyhood to detest the arrogance, rapacity, and cruelty of arbitrary power, and to deplore the slavery, the poverty, the degradation, misery, and death resulting to his nation from the wrong. He was imbued in childhood with that ardent love of liberty, and that undying detestation of every form of slavery, which impelled him in his active manhood to persistent and efficient effort to advance the anti-slavery cause in the United States. He was an Abolitionist before he saw America.

Maneses, claiming that his family descended from the old nobility of Greece, and that in lineal descent through various branches from the same progenitor (a military leader of renown in ancient days) were found the names of patriots illustrious in the history of Greece, — was extremely proud of his alleged ancestral records, and was desirous that both Athanasius and Photius should gain distinction in the impending struggle with the Turks, and add new lustre to the family name.

With that end in view, Maneses thought to make it

his especial care and duty to instruct his youthful charge in the management and use of arms. Accordingly he took the delicately organized and timid child upon his knee, and recounted to him some of the outrageous wrongs inflicted on the people of their country by the Turkish tyrants. He told him that the Turks were coming into Greece with guns to kill the Grecian people; but the Greeks would meet them in armed force, and drive them out of Greece.

"Now, Photius, what would we do if three or four Turks were coming in at the door to kill us?" said Maneses.

"We would run, uncle," replied the boy.

"Run? You little coward! No, I would blaze at them in this way," said Maneses, producing from his pocket a pistol loaded with blank charge, and firing at an imaginary Turk in the doorway.

The child, startled by the unexpected movement and the loud report, sprang from his uncle's lap and retreated to another part of the room; but Maneses reloaded the weapon and said to him, "Photius, come here; I want you to fire this pistol."

But the aspirations of the boy were not in the direction of military distinction, and words could not induce him to approach. Maneses then took him by main strength and commanded him to place his hand upon the trigger and pull. Obtaining from the boy no

answer nor movement of compliance, his uncle said to him: "What are you afraid of? Are you a lineal descendant of a Grecian warrior of the ancient days, and afraid to fire a pistol? I am ashamed of you. Now, place your hand upon this trigger and pull."

But Photius knew that the weapon was an instrument of death, and no amount of argument, or of persuasion, or of threats, or even cruel blows could prevail upon him to touch the weapon.

"I will make you fire it," said his uncle, who then forced the boy's hand upon the trigger and discharged the pistol, but could neither coax nor compel him to discharge it in any other way.

The boy, apparently timid, retiring, modest, and obedient in other matters, had displayed a spirit of determination worthy of a hero of ancient Greece. It was not altogether fear of the weapon, nor was it vicious obstinacy that impelled him to disobedience. He conceived the use of deadly weapons to be wrong in principle as well as dangerous in practice; and chose rather to suffer wrong at the hands of his uncle than to comply with that which he conceived to be wrong. It was an early exhibition of that native firmness and decision of character which, through life, inspired him to act or to refrain from acting, according to his own convictions of right, of justice, and of duty, without reference to the views of others, and regardless of the consequences to himself.

Many years after the occurrence of the incident narrated above, Chaplain Fisk remarked in conversation, that, although he had served for more than forty years in the navy of the United States, he had never yet discharged any kind of fire-arms of his own volition.

"Of your own volition!" repeated a listener. "Did you ever do it by compulsion?"

"Yes," replied the chaplain. He then recited that, in his childhood, his uncle had forced his hand upon the trigger of a pistol, and discharged the weapon.

"Was he trying to frighten you?" •

"No: he was trying to beat into me a little of that war-like spirit which was supposed to have animated the fabled heroes of ancient Greece."

DEATH OF ATHANASIOUS.

In 1821, the storm of revolution, which had been gathering for centuries, broke with all its fury upon Greece; and, at the first call to arms, the last remaining brother of Photius, Athanasius Kavasales, who was then in Malta, hastened to the front of war, and Photius never saw him more. His first and highest duty was to aid his country in her hour of danger and distress, and his patriotic spirit called him to the field. He enrolled himself in the Grecian army, and was engaged in many hard fought battles with the Turks. Through

many hardships and privations he served his country with devotion and fidelity, until the liberties of Greece were almost won. But, stricken with malarial fever, in Morea, he yielded up his life upon the altar of his country's liberties.

CHAPTER II.

PHOTIUS MEETS WITH PLINY FISK.

A NEW experience was in store for Photius : for, in the summer of 1822, when at play with other boys upon the streets of Malta, he was accosted by Rev. Pliny Fisk, a missionary, who was operating in that quarter of the globe under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He had recently organized a Sunday-school upon the island, and was desirous to secure the attendance of as many boys as possible. His attention was especially attracted by the sharp intelligence, the modest demeanor, and the respectful bearing of the boy Photius. Inquiring his name, he extended to the lad an invitation to attend the Sunday-school, which invitation he accepted with alacrity.

Accordingly, the following Sunday found Photius in the missionary Sunday-school, where he received his first instruction in the true way of salvation, according to the Assembly's Shorter Catechism and the Thirty-nine Articles.

In his interviews with Photius, the missionary questioned him concerning his surroundings, his conditions,

and the advancement which he had made in school ; and, finding that the boy was an orphan under the care of an uncle, and that he was able to speak and read correctly the modern Greek and Italian languages, and to converse in Maltese or modern Arabic, and had also made good progress in arithmetic and other branches, he became greatly interested in his young acquaintance.

Conceiving, therefore, that the boy might prove to be a valuable acquisition to the missionary cause, if properly instructed, he inquired whether Photius would like to go to the United States, and gain a thorough education in the schools of that country, and offered to provide the means of transportation, and to defray the expenses of tuition, clothing, and subsistence.

Photius was delighted with this proposition, for he perceived that he could gain thereby the goal of his ambition, to be learned ; that his field of observation, hitherto restricted to the narrow limits of an island of the sea, would be enlarged ; that he could gather information of the methods and affairs of other peoples by association with them ; and that many other advantages might be secured by the change proposed. Therefore he gladly signified his readiness and his anxiety to sail.

But his uncle was to be consulted in the matter before a definite conclusion could be reached. In order, therefore, to secure his consent, Mr. Fisk obtaining an

interview with Maneses, introduced the subject, and explained to him the objects, methods, and resources of the American Board of Foreign Missions, whose acknowledged representative he was. He also told him of the extent, and the successes of their work in various quarters of the globe, and especially of their facilities for educating boys for missionary work.

Maneses, finding Photius eager to avail himself of the generous and advantageous offer of the missionary ; and, being himself aware that Photius could not acquire a thorough education on the island, and that his studies were to be completed on the continent or not at all, he promised to bestow upon the subject his careful consideration.

In several subsequent interviews, Maneses closely questioned Mr. Fisk upon many points ; and, being convinced that his acceptance of the offer would be advantageous to the boy, he gave consent. But he desired some assurance in writing that the Board of Foreign Missions would perform their part of the agreement, and would return the young man to his own country on the completion of his academic course. He therefore penned the letter to which his name is attached, in the following correspondence of Rev. Pliny Fisk to the American Board of Foreign Missions.

CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. FISK.

“Our minds have for some days been deeply interested about sending some Greek boys to be educated in the Cornwall school. The first to whom we turned our attention was Photius Kavasales, an orphan. His uncle, who has the care of him, offered to commit him to our charge, and Captain Dewing very generously offered to take him to America free of expense. After the arrangements were made, I received from his uncle a letter in Greek, of which the following is a translation :

LETTER FROM MR. MANESSES.

‘REV. SIR :—

‘Though I am sure that the design and end of the Bible Society has been and is divine, and has respect to nothing but the common salvation, and the moral and general felicity of the human soul ; and, though there is not the least doubt concerning this, nor of your other object of sending foreign youths (particularly Greeks) into your enlightened country, that they may be illuminated, and, if possible, arrive at the summit of wisdom and virtue ; and, after that, return to their own country, that they may there sow the good seed, which, through the philanthropy and unparalleled nobleness of the wise and illustrious North Americans, they shall have attained, under the well regulated government of the United States, and the direction of the above named Society, and, in consequence, reap an abundance of fruit. Notwithstanding all this, yet, as my nephew, Photius Kavasales, is very dear to me—

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being the only one that escaped the melancholy and tragical destruction of his father and mother and four brothers and sisters in Smyrna, in 1814, by that destroyer of men, the plague; and also for the information and satisfaction of his brother, Athanasius Timoleon Kavasales, who is now in the Peloponnesus, I take the liberty, most respected sir, to beseech you earnestly, that you will have the goodness to give me in writing an answer to this, whereas, informing me what is your design in sending my nephew Photius, to what place, and to what academy, what lessons he will be exercised in, and whence he will have the necessaries of life, and finally, concerning his return to his country, the Peloponnesus, after finishing his studies,—whether directly from America to the Chersonesus, or by the way of this island, or by those parts of Europe from which he may easily pass to his own country?

‘May your reverence receive favorably my request, and, proclaiming through life your goodness and philanthropic intentions, and retaining my gratitude, I remain obliged, and always ready for your sacred commands.

‘Your humble servant,

‘PANAGES MANESSES.’

“In explanation of what is said in the above letter about the Bible Society, it is necessary to remark, that many people in these countries give the general name of Bible Society to all pious efforts of Protestants, in order to distinguish them from the missions of the Catholics. Tell them about missions, charity schools, tract societies, Bible societies, and they will still view

the whole as one system. I believe we are oftener spoken of as Bible Society men than as missionaries.

"The nephew of Mr. Maneses seems to be an intelligent and well disposed boy, and, when I spoke to him about going to America, his eyes sparkled with joy. I asked him why he wanted to go. He replied: 'To learn.' 'How long are you willing to remain?' He answered: 'Till I am learned.' I named several branches and asked if he could learn all these. He answered, '*Quanto posso*,'—as much as I can. He knows neither where he was born, nor how old he is. His uncle says he was born in Hydra, and will be sixteen years old in January next. But Photius tells me that his brother says he is only twelve years old, and that somebody else who knew the family, says he is only thirteen. His appearance would not indicate that he is more than that. I answered the above letter, and in turn received a note expressing satisfaction and a high degree of gratitude.

APPLICATION OF A GREEK PRIEST IN BEHALF
OF HIS SON.

"While making the necessary arrangements for Photius, another applied to have us send his nephew, we consented to do so, but he soon changed his mind. It was not long, however, before the Greek priest called on us, in his full ecclesiastical dress, bringing with him a son whom he wished to send. He made some inquiries about our school, and then about our religion. I told him the boys would be instructed much in the

Scriptures. I also stated some of the principal doctrines which are generally believed in America. He was much pleased to learn that we do not believe in Purgatory, which he says, is an invention of the Catholics. He finally concluded to send his son, and offered to pay his passage.

"The following is a translation of a letter which he wrote upon the subject:

‘MALTA, Oct. 11, 1822.

‘MOST RESPECTED SIR AND BROTHER IN CHRIST:—

‘The design, useful to men and pleasing to God, of your Society, is known to all, nor less so is the benevolent disposition of your nation (more enlightened than any other nation), towards our Hellenic race, as experience has already shown, and facts will hereafter confirm, in time, a mutual American-Hellenic union.

‘Guided by these thoughts, and willing (according to my paternal duty) to give with the means of livelihood, the means of living well, to my son, Anastasius Karavelles, behold, according to your request, I commit him to your goodness and your philhellenic care, that you may send him, accompanied by the Greek lad, Photius Kavasales, sent for the same purpose, to the academy of that well-governed country; that he may obtain from that life-giving fountain, by attention, study, and meditation, the necessary lights of education and good conduct, and in time, be able to employ those useful means, not only for his own good, but for that of the now afflicted Greece, and especially for the honor and reputation of his American instructors and benefactors.

‘Besides this, excuse me that I am so bold as to request that you will take the trouble to inform me, in writing an answer to this, as to the following inquiries, viz. :—

‘1. The design for which my son, Anastasius, is sent.

‘2. To what place, and to what part of America.

‘3. In what studies he will be engaged, and in what academy.

‘4. Whence, and how, the necessaries of life.

‘5. And lastly, in what way, after finishing his studies, he will be able to return, God willing, to his country, to Zante, a Hellenic island, whether directly, or by way of Europe, or for greater security by this island; likewise concerning a correspondence with him in his absence, how, and through whom it may be maintained consistently. And I remain, with all due respect, your friend and brother in Christ,

‘JOHN KARAVELLES, PRIEST.’

“You are already aware that the laws of the Greek church, as to the celibacy of the clergy, are different from those of Rome. A Greek priest cannot marry, but a man who is already married may become a priest; hence, many priests have families. Anastasius was born in Zante, and is eleven years old. Both boys speak Maltese, and read and speak Greek and Italian. It is very desirable that they may not forget the two last. As we send them away, our hearts are agitated with hopes and fears and anxieties. We commend them to divine mercy, and to the benevolence and

prayers of our Christian friends. We trust that all will be done for them that is necessary, and we hope many supplications will be presented at the throne of grace in their behalf.

"PLINY FISK."

"MALTA, Oct. 12, 1822.

Having been associates and playmates from the time that Photius came to the island, the boys had become fast friends; and Mr. Fisk had promised that they should be kept together, and should be instructed in the same schools. But, in order to unite them in still closer and more endearing relationship to each other, they were made brothers, through the impressive ceremonies of the Greek Church. Clad in his sacerdotal robes, the priest, after an appropriate address to the two boys, bound them together with a girdle, and laying his sacred hands upon their heads, he solemnly pronounced them brothers, and declared that the bonds of relationship were indissoluble.

THEY SAIL FOR THE UNITED STATES.

At length, the arrangements having been completed, and the vessel in which they were to sail, the brig *America*, of Salem, Mass., Captain Josiah Dewing, being ready to proceed on her passage home, the two boys, consigned to Rev. Elias Cornelius, of Salem, were

placed under the especial care of the chief mate, Mr. John Waters, a member of the church in Salem.

In the latter part of October, 1822, they weighed anchor, and set sail for the United States; but, before they reached the Straits of Gibraltar, they encountered a severe storm, in which the vessel suffered injury, and they were compelled to return to Malta for repairs. Remaining several days in Malta, during which time the two boys improved their opportunity to visit their friends on shore, the necessary repairs upon the brig were completed, and they again put to sea. Their fellow passengers were Lieutenant Otley, of the English army, on his way to Canada, accompanied by his wife and two children.

The lads were treated kindly by all on board; but no one of them could converse in either Greek, Italian, or Maltese, and the boys could not speak English. They managed, however, to make known the most of their wants by signs. The chief mate did everything in his power to contribute to their comfort; but their passage was in winter, the weather was tempestuous, the sea was rough, and they, themselves, were agitated by that soul-exasperating malady known as "sea-sickness." But, after a stormy, uncomfortable fall and winter passage of four months, the two prospective missionaries, known as Photius Kavasales and Anastasius Karavelles (the son of the Greek priest in Malta), were safely landed in

Salem, on the anniversary of the birth of our own illustrious Washington, February 22, 1823 ; and were duly received and properly provided for by Rev. Mr. Cornelius, secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

They were first shown about in various churches in New England, as Chaplain Fisk afterwards facetiously remarked, "like a couple of young baboons," to gratify the curiosity of the faithful, and replenish the exchequer of the Board. They visited Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Litchfield, (Connecticut), and other places of note. In Boston, they were presented to Ex-President John Quincy Adams and many other persons of distinction.

At the end of their tour of exhibition, the two Greek lads were consigned to the mission school in Cornwall, Connecticut, at which institution they remained about one year, under the guidance and instruction of Rev. Mr. Daggett, the principal of the school. Their studies in Cornwall consisted mainly in lessons in the rudiments of the English language, with which they were altogether unacquainted on their arrival in the country.

They made rapid progress in the acquisition of the language ; but, in their view, there was too much guidance and too little personal liberty. The rules of discipline were arbitrary and restrictive ; their recreations, although innocent, were oftentimes restricted without apparent reason ; and the requirements, not relating to their studies, were often irksome and dis-

tasteful to them. They were not delinquent in their studies nor inclined to do mischief, but they were restive under the restraints. Their native love of liberty sometimes asserted its dominion, and on some occasions they were suspected of slight infractions of the regulations.

On one occasion, Ex-Governor of Connecticut Walcott, with whom the boys were not altogether unacquainted, since they had enjoyed the hospitality of his house for several days, when on their tour of exhibition and on their way to Cornwall, invited them to make his residence their base of operations during the next vacation. His invitation was joyfully accepted by the two boys, who, at the close of the term, preferred their unanimous request for leave of absence, and permission to re-visit the home of the ex-governor. But Deacon Loomis, who had charge of the school-farm, and with whom the boys boarded, made reply: "My dear boys, I cannot spare you now. I need your assistance in the fields through the summer vacation, and cannot let you go."

This ultimatum of the deacon, ratified by the dominie, was a grievous disappointment to the two boys. They had laid their plans for a glorious time at the home of the ex-governor, and could not forego their long-anticipated recreation to engage in less attractive agricultural pursuits. They held a consultation, prob-

ably in Greek, Italian, or Maltese, and discussed the weighty subject in its various bearings, until they reached the definite conclusion that, since they could not obtain permission, they would go without permission.

In accordance with that resolution, they secretly put themselves in readiness, and, without the usual formality of bidding adieu to the dominie and deacon, started on foot for Litchfield, seven or eight miles distant. In due time they reached the house of the ex-governor, who, together with his family, received the boys with cordial greetings and refreshed them at their board.

The governor, on learning that the absence of the boys from Cornwall was without permission, immediately wrote informing the principal that the boys were at his house, and asking leave to entertain them until the close of the vacation, at which time he would return them in his carriage to the school. The letter was not received, however, until after the town had been thrown into a fever of excitement by the ill-advised report that they were drowned in a pond not far from the school.

The influence of the governor prevailed: the boys were allowed to remain. They circulated through the town at will, visiting such points as their inclination suggested, and engaging in such pastimes as they

would, until the time for their return ; when the governor, according to his promise, conveyed them safely to Cornwall in his carriage, and the dominie resumed his charge. They were gladly received at the institution, but their welcome was blended with reproofs for insubordination. Both dominie and deacon lectured mildly on the sin of disobedience, but the fun they had enjoyed more than compensated for the scolding which awaited them.

Yet, notwithstanding the strictness of the rules of discipline upon one side, and the inherent love of liberty in the hearts of the boys upon the other, their stay in Cornwall was not altogether devoid of happiness. The dominie, though standing as the executor of arbitrary rules, was far from being overbearing in his manner, or arbitrary in his modes of discipline. He was, perhaps, more lenient or indulgent to them than he would otherwise have been, on account of their imperfect knowledge of the language and customs of the country.

At the house of Deacon Loomis they were well provided with everything essential to their comfort : and the deacon, with all his Puritanic views of the proprieties, was yet of kind, indulgent disposition. There was no harshness in his manner, and even his reproofs were tempered with kind words.

The deacon and his wife assumed the place of foster

parents to the boys, who soon learned to address them as "pa" and "ma," since they addressed the boys as sons. There soon sprang up between the four a mutual and sincere affection: and Photius desiring to possess mementoes that would serve to keep their memory fresh in after years, requested them to write him something which he could preserve. No keep-sake that they could buy would satisfy him: he wanted some product of their own minds, written with their own hands especially for him; for, in his view, it would be far more appropriate as a memento than anything that they could buy. Accordingly, Mrs. Loomis penned for him the following lines, and also interceded with her husband to comply with his request.

A FAREWELL.

May you and he
 God's favor see;
 And, when you die,
 Ascend on high
 To heavenly bliss;
 Where all do wish
 To sit and reign
 With Christ again.
 Through endless years,
 Free from all tears;
 And sin shall never be,
 Through all eternity.

Farewell. Written by your styled mother,

ABIGAIL LOOMIS.

TO PHOTIUS KAVASALES
 and
 ANASTASIUS KARAVELLES.

LETTER FROM DEACON LOOMIS.

"CORNWALL, Oct. 14, 1823.

"MY DEAR PHOTIUS, —

"Understanding by your Ma that you wished me to write a few lines, I most cheerfully comply with your request. The affection I have for you, my dear child, is greater than I can express. I shall rejoice in your prosperity in this life, but more especially do I desire your future and eternal felicity. And, in order to prosper here and be happy hereafter, you must be a good boy, and love Jesus Christ and good people and good things. Always associate with the wise and good ; shun all bad company ; be careful to improve your time to the best advantage in your power ; be more afraid of offending God than of displeasing men ; and study with delight the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation. Pray God to give you a new heart. Be content wherever God, in his holy providence, shall place you. Be thankful to God for the many mercies you daily receive. Love your dear little brother, Anastasius ; never quarrel with him or with any one else. Prepare, as fast as you can, to return to your beloved uncle and friends, and delightfully tell them what our good and gracious God has done for you. I leave you, my dear child, with God. May he be your God and mine.

"L. LOOMIS."

He has preserved these communications with scrupulous care for more than sixty years. They have grown somewhat yellowish with age ; but, although he

has carried them with him in the naval service and in his travels on the continent, they are not in the least degree soiled. They are dear to him as sacred mementoes of dearly loved, and long-since departed, friends.

CHAPTER III.

IN NEW HAVEN.

THE two Greek boys, having acquired some knowledge of the English language, were transferred from the Cornwall school to Hopkins Academy, in New Haven, Connecticut. At that institution they remained for the space of about two years, under the tuition of Rev. Dr. Herrick. There they applied themselves with diligence to the study of the English, Greek, and Latin languages, arithmetic, algebra, geography, and other branches requisite to fit them for the higher grade of school in Amherst, Mass.

Photius was greatly aided in the study of the ancient Greek by a Testament which had been given him in Malta, and in which the same matter was printed in ancient and modern Greek, upon opposite columns. The study of it was not enjoined by the professors, but his acquaintance with the modern tongue was an advantage to him in the study of the ancient.

The rules of discipline at the Academy, although arbitrary and restrictive upon paper, were not so rigidly enforced as to make them onerous to boys whose incli-

nations led them in right channels, and whose chief desire was to learn. Their teachers were kind, obliging, and considerate; their fellow students were agreeable, and not disposed to harass or annoy them; their recreations, being innocent, were not restricted by undue interference; and the requirements at the institution related only to their studies, their deportment, and their moral conduct. They made many warm friends, not only in the academy, but also in the town; and Chaplain Fisk declared in his old age that the happiest days of his life were passed in New Haven.

There was, however, one provision not according to their preference. They desired to reside together under one roof, to occupy the same apartment, and to board at the same table. But the arrangements could not well be made according to their wish, and also free of expense to the Board of Foreign Missions, and they were, therefore, separated. Anastasius was committed to the care of Dr. Fitch, of Yale College, who had volunteered to provide for one of them free of expense to the Board of Missions. Anastasius continued at the house of Dr. Fitch during their stay in New Haven. Other parties provided for Photius upon the same terms. He was at first placed in the care of Professor Doten, with whom he remained several months. He was next assigned to the care of a Mrs. Johnson, the widow of a clergyman, and was finally transferred from

her care to that of Judge Baldwin, at whose house he tarried until they were sent to Amherst.

Having made sufficient advancement in their studies to prepare them for an introduction to a broader range of studies, the two Greek boys were transferred to the academy in Amherst, Mass., which was an adjunct of Amherst College, and at which they were to be instructed in all the branches requisite to fit them to enter the College. At that institution, they applied themselves to the study of the Greek and Latin languages, algebra, geometry, astronomy, and other branches.

Being intelligent, studious in their habits, and of good deportment, both in and out of school, they made fine progress in the acquisition of those branches, and their ambition to be learned seemed likely to be realized. But the rules of discipline, unduly strict, according to the Puritanic methods of that day, were perhaps too rigidly enforced ; for everything, both in and out of school, must be conducted in accordance with set rules and the dictation of the clergymen connected with the College and Academy. The boys were not inclined to mischief in their amusements, yet their recreations were unduly restricted by the interference of their reverend guards, whose watchful care allowed no opportunity for reprimand to pass unnoticed.

Such interference and dictation, though exceed-

ingly distasteful to Photius, were borne with patience. His aim was to comply with the requirements of the institution, but he was often censured for alleged failures to observe them ; and was, in some instances, deprived of privileges which he would otherwise have enjoyed, in order to impress him with a realizing sense that the rules were to be observed, and the instructions of the clergymen were to be obeyed.

At the close of a term, when nearly all the students were departing to enjoy vacation at their homes, Photius also desired leave of absence during the recess. He wished for a short respite from dictation and restraint—a period of recreation, in which he could be free to move according to his own right inclination. But, believing that, since he was a beneficiary of the institution, with no home on this side of the Atlantic to which he could resort, his request would be denied, he determined, notwithstanding the efforts of Anastasius to dissuade him, that he would go without asking leave of absence. His firmness and decision of character were proof against opposing influence, and Anastasius could not prevail upon him to relinquish his purpose.

Nor did he lack an opportunity to carry his design into effect. An associate and classmate, the son of Rev. Mr. Andrews, pastor of the Congregationalist church in Brattleboro, Vt., was going home with a

team, and desired his company during the vacation. He extended to Photius a friendly invitation to ride home with him, and enjoy the vacation in Brattleboro. Photius accepted the generous offer, and they proceeded on their way. Arrived at the end of their journey, Photius was received with hearty welcome by the parents of his classmate, who were greatly pleased with the selection which their son had made for an associate.

Mr. Andrews was the owner of several good, well-kept horses; and the young gentlemen enjoyed themselves to the best possible advantage in riding to such points as they desired to visit, and in such other diversions as they pleased, until near the end of the vacation.

They then returned to Amherst to resume their studies; but when Photius presented himself at the academy on the first day of the term he was informed by President Humphrey that he was expelled from the academy. This was his second offence of absence without leave, and his fault could not be condoned. He then perceived his ruinous mistake, which he ever after regarded as the greatest mistake of his life. He earnestly desired to fit himself for college and to complete his collegiate course. He bitterly repented his act of insubordination, but his repentance was without avail; no palliating circumstances could be considered; the decision could not be reversed.

He was remanded to the custody of the Board of

Foreign Missions, who, after prayerful consideration, reached the final conclusion that the boy, after all, was not constituted of the materials of which missionaries are made. For, notwithstanding all the earnest prayers which had been offered to the throne of grace for his conversion, he had not experienced that change of heart which was so essential to success in missionary fields, and was, withal, endowed with too much mental independence for a missionary. Therefore, since it was clearly not in accordance with the Divine will that he should proclaim the tidings of salvation to the heathen nations, they decided to repudiate their part of the agreement with Maneses, and to return him to his own country, before the completion of his education.

In accordance with that decision, they placed him on board the brig *Statesman*, Captain Bates, bound for the Mediterranean, with a cargo of provisions for the starving Greeks ; thousands of whom, at the close of their long and desperate struggle for Grecian independence, were left destitute of even the necessities of life.

Anastasius continued at the academy until his preparation for college was completed, and was then admitted to Amherst College, where he finished his collegiate course. But, after all, he was not predestined to convey the Gospel into the uttermost parts of the earth. He chose the profession of the law ; and, after a period of practice in that profession here, he returned to Greece.

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A few weeks before the great and decisive battle of Navarino, at the close of the Greek revolution, in 1827, the *Statesman* dropped anchor in the harbor of Malta, and Photius rejoined his uncle Maneses.

The three great powers—England, France, and Russia—had interfered in the behalf of Greece, in her struggle for independence. The fortress of Navarino was the only stronghold of importance then in possession of the Turks, upon the soil of Greece; and the combined fleets of the allied powers were anchored at Malta, making preparations and arrangements to bombard the fortress and dislodge the Turks.

On board the flag-ship of the Russian fleet was Count John Capodistria, President of Greece, by the choice of the Grecian people and the appointment of the allied powers; and Maneses, in an interview with him, requested him to convey Photius to Greece, and provide a place for him in some department of the government. Capodistria gave consent, and wrote an order for his transportation, which he submitted to the Russian admiral. The admiral confirmed the order upon the same paper, and designated the frigate *Helene*, in which the young man was to sail. The order was then placed in the hands of Maneses, who transferred it to Photius. This order Photius presented on board the *Helene*, and quarters were assigned him. He was allowed to retain the order, which, after a period of sixty years, still re-

mains in his possession. Soon afterwards, the fleet sailed for Greece ; and, in due time, the young adventurer was landed at Egina, an island of the Grecian Archipelago, where he was supposed to await the progress of events at Navarino.

But Photius was not ambitious for governmental honors. His chief aim and settled determination was to return to the United States, and complete his education without reference to the American Board of Foreign Missions. With that end in view, he secured a passage to Smyrna, where he found a French brig, freighted with figs and raisins, and bound for New York. Having in his pocket forty dollars, which had been presented to him by Capodistria, he applied on board the brig for transportation, and was told by the captain that the amount was too small ; but, since forty dollars was all he could get, the captain agreed to convey him to New York for that.

He embarked accordingly, paid his forty dollars, and was soon on his way to the land of his choice. Everything went smoothly until they had passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and were coursing their way across the Atlantic. But on the passage they encountered a furious gale, and were compelled to throw a part of their cargo overboard to lighten ship, the vessel being too heavily laden for rough weather.

For such an experience of bad luck, there must be

some supernatural cause. There must surely be a Jonah on board, or this calamity could not have overtaken them. Suspicion at once fastened upon Photius; he was not a Papist, and was, therefore, subject to the Divine displeasure. He was, undoubtedly, the Jonah who had brought this evil upon them. Everything that went wrong during their tempestuous winter passage was attributed to his malign influence by the superstitious captain and crew. He was not, however, like his ancient prototype, thrown overboard with the cargo. But on account of the presence of a Jonah and the consequent severity of the weather, they put into Martinique, one of West India Islands, where they discharged the balance of the cargo, instead of proceeding to New York as they had intended; and the captain of the brig decided to return to France, without touching at any point in the United States.

In this dilemma, Photius applied to the American consul, who had formerly been a resident of New Haven, and with whom Photius had been acquainted when he was a student at the academy. He briefly narrated his adventures and revealed his wishes to the consul, who kindly provided for his immediate necessities, and for his transportation to New York, via Wilmington, North Carolina.

While awaiting conveyance in Martinique, he was brought in contact with chattel slavery. This was a

new experience to him, although in childhood he had heard the horrors of the Turkish system so often and so forcibly recounted that the most intense hatred of even the name of slavery had become ingrained in his mental and moral being. He saw the slaves at work under the coercion of their drivers, and gained some knowledge of their real conditions.

Arrived in Wilmington, he witnessed there something of the practical operation of the American system of slavery, which appeared to him as being even worse than he had seen in Martinique. He saw in Wilmington both men and women unloading and loading vessels at the wharves, under the immediate fear of the lash. In his view, they were not so decently and so comfortably clothed, nor so well treated as were the slaves in Martinique. His pity and his indignation were awakened by the wrongs inflicted by the strong against the weak; and he declared in his own mind uncompromising war against the whole system.

IN NEW YORK.

He was furnished passage on board a coasting sloop from Wilmington to New York, in which city he arrived a stranger without money, in the spring of 1828; but he had the good luck to meet with Rev. Girard Halleck, editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, with whom

he had been acquainted in Salem, on his first arrival in the country in 1823. Mr. Halleck generously gave him temporary assistance, but he soon secured for himself employment in a drug store on Greenwich street, where he gave good satisfaction to his employer during several months.

Photius was debating in his own mind whether he had better turn his attention to the study of medicine; but an incident occurred which convinced him that he was not, after all, adapted for the practice of the medical profession. One day when his employer, the doctor, happened to be out, a man whose hand had been lacerated by accident entered the store and requested Photius to re-arrange the shreds of flesh and bandage the wound; but Photius was not equal to the occasion. With all his firmness and resolution in other matters, he could not replace and bind up the torn flesh of a fellow being. His native tenderness of heart would not allow him to inflict the pain which would be incidental to the operation. The man, after giving expression to the sly insinuation, "You are a —— of a doctor," went elsewhere for surgical assistance; and Photius abandoned the business of a druggist altogether. But he soon secured a place in a hardware store in Broadway, where his faithfulness and business capacity were appreciated by his employers. He would, undoubtedly, have succeeded well in mercantile pursuits, but his mind was set on the completion of his education.

Meantime, he attended a series of revival meetings, and, at last, the earnest prayers of the American Board of Foreign Missions were answered. Photius was converted to the faith, and was received into full fellowship as a member of the Congregationalist church; and from that time forward he resolved that he would prepare himself by education for the pulpit, and that he would thenceforth devote the energies of his life to the work of the Gospel ministry.

With that end in view he obtained an introduction to Rev. Dr. Coxe, of New York, who had been recently elected to a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Auburn, N. Y., and who was about to remove with his family and effects to that place, by the way of the Erie canal route.

To him Photius freely unfolded his purposes, his wishes, and his aspirations, and requested the benefit of a free scholarship in the seminary. Dr. Coxe, who examined him closely as to his antecedents, his motives, and his attainments, recognized his clear intelligence and his integrity of purpose, and was highly pleased with his appearance, his honest frankness, and his manly, respectful bearing. Therefore, he not only acceded to the request of the young aspirant, but also offered to convey him to Auburn on board the canal-boat with himself and family.

When everything was in readiness, the boat was

towed up the Hudson to Albany, from which point they proceeded by canal upon their long, monotonous journey at the rate of not more than three miles per hour, at the best. They encountered no howling tornadoes in the near vicinity of dangerous reefs in the canal ; but, on one occasion, Photius was cast overboard, not because he was regarded as a Jonah, but because he inadvertently placed himself on the wrong side of the tow-line. He caught hold of the line, however, and was quickly rescued from his perilous position between the boat and the bank. That mishap of Photius was about the only incident that served to break the dull monotony of their transit.

IN AUBURN.

Arrived at his journey's end, in Auburn, he passed a creditable examination, and was admitted to a scholarship in the seminary, where he remained three years under the tuition of Rev. Dr. Richardson, president of the institution. While there, he applied himself industriously to the study of the Greek, Latin, and other branches, together with various authorities in Church History and Theology, in order to prepare himself, as far as possible, for the Gospel ministry.

His manly qualities insured for him the respect and confidence, not only of his tutors and classmates, but

also of many influential residents of the town, whose moral and material support encouraged and sustained him in his efforts to prepare himself for the work before him. He gained many kind friends in Auburn, whose memory continued dear to him through all his after years.

He was now the guardian of his own conduct, and being of himself inclined to do right, no Puritanical espionage, restriction, or dictation as to his deportment was thought necessary. His recreations and enjoyments outside of the institution were not made subject to the interference of his tutors. He was free to pass his vacations according to his desires.

On one of those occasions, he passed a month at Niagara Falls, in company with a genial friend and classmate named Carruth. He viewed the cataract from every practicable point of observation, often taking positions where his classmate declined to go. He went as far as possible under the falls, where he picked up a fragment of the rock lying at his feet. But since Mr. Carruth was poet laureate of the expedition he may well be allowed to relate the adventure in his own words, and also to describe the emotions of Mr. Kava-sales. The following lines, written by Mr. Carruth, will supply the essential details of the whole matter.

This is a stone, and no one but a wag or a
Fool would deny it; it came from Niagara.
Early last season, one Mr. Kavasales,
Not being well, and not wishing to pass a less
Time then a month at the Falls and the neighborhood,
Thought 't would do more to recruit him than labor would.
So, on a canal-boat, he started for Buffalo.
Chilly and damp was the weather enough; a low
Swamp, and flat reigon ran the canal through.
Sunday, he rested with one Mr. Hynem-
borg, [a good man, may blessings o'ertake him]
And went to the church, though 't was truly a rainy day.
Monday, he left on a steamboat for Canada,
Down the big river and landed at Chippeway,
Where the John Bull's own thought proper to skip away.
Then in a coach, on a clayey and muddy road,
To a hotel, which was not very good, he rode,
And went without any delay to the balcony,
Where he could view the whole prospect, and well can he
Call to his mind the stupendous emotion he
Felt on beholding it, so like the ocean he
Crossed, from old Greece, when its waves were all frantic and
Roaring on high, to this side of the Atlantic; and
Then he went down to the edge of the precipice,
Where, for one dollar or less apiece,
Travellers are rigged with a waterproof suit, and then
Go away under the cataract's foot, and then
Come back to tell us, with dignity wonderful,
How their breasts heaved when they found themselves under full
Many a ton of the rock which hung over them,
Which, should it fall, would eternally cover them.
Mr. Kavasales viewed with astonishment,
[Standing on Table Rock, where as a punishment,
Down to be hurled would be awfully horrible;
Or, to slip off would be truly deplorable,]
All the wild waters which flow from Lake Erie,
Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and Superior,
And tend to their fall with a calmness and majesty,
Such as both now and in all former ages, Te-
cumseh's red race manifest, when they're taken

And tied to a post and converted to bacon.
Then he went down almost under the cataract,
All in the spray, and, in doing this latter act,
Spied this stone, then he stooped down and took it
And brought it away in his overcoat pocket.

The original manuscript of these lines was presented by Mr. Carruth to his friend, Mr. Kavasales, who carefully preserved it, together with the stone, and has both still in his posession.

CHAPTER IV.

ORDAINED A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

AFTER the completion of his studies at the seminary, he visited Saratoga for a few days. From that point he journeyed to Sherburne Falls, Mass., on a visit to the father and brothers of his old-time friend and benefactor, Pliny Fisk, to whose kind offices he was indebted for his advancement in learning, and to whom he was especially grateful. The family had heard of him through Pliny's letters, and had long desired his personal acquaintance. They hailed his coming with gladness, and bade him farewell on his departure, with regret. One of the brothers conveyed him from their hospitable home to Halifax, Vt., where he passed a rigid examination before a council of Congregationalist clergymen and was ordained a minister of the Gospel.

At that time, the church in Halifax was destitute of a pastor, and Mr. Kavasales was urgently requested to fill the vacancy. He accepted the charge, and entered at once upon the discharge of his new duties, obligations, and responsibilities. But, although his heart was in the work and his ministrations were well received by

his congregation, he remained there but a short time. They wished him to continue with them, but the winter was extremely cold, and he had been accustomed to warmer latitudes. Therefore, believing that in a more congenial climate his health would be more secure and his usefulness enlarged, he resigned his pastorate in Halifax and returned to New York.

After that he was never regularly settled as pastor of any church, but he continued preaching in various localities as opportunities were presented. Permanent settlements were offered him, but he did not choose to accept, for he desired to locate farther south and under more indulgent skies. He had already taken to himself the name of Fisk, in the place of that of Kavasales, and was commonly known as Photius Fisk.

In 1840, Rev. Mr. Fisk went to Washington, D. C., where he preached occasionally, by invitation of clergymen located in that city. He had the good fortune to meet with his honored friend, Ex-President John Quincy Adams, to whom he had been presented in Boston, soon after his first arrival in the country, and before he could speak the English language. They had also met on several occasions afterwards, while Photius was at school in Amherst. The ex-president, who recognized the capabilities and liked the pleasing manners of his young acquaintance, complimented him upon his rapid progress in the acquisition of the lan-

guage, and encouraged him to persevere in the acquisition of useful knowledge. From the day of their first introduction, Photius had regarded Ex-President Adams as being one of his most substantial friends.

Nor had the interest of his illustrious friend abated in their years of separation, for, at the time of Mr. Fisk's appearance in Washington, the ex-president was a member of the House of Representatives, and took an active interest and part in the advancement of his friend. He suggested the appointment of Mr. Fisk to a chaplaincy in the navy, and introduced him to Joshua R. Giddings, Samuel L. Southard, and other prominent members of both houses of Congress, who, after the inauguration of President Harrison, in 1841, joined with the ex-president in recommending his appointment as chaplain in the navy of the United States.

Accordingly, Mr. Fisk was nominated for that place by President Harrison, together with two others from the slave-holding States. One of them was a relative of Vice-President Tyler, and both had been recommended by the Vice-President. But, before action was taken in the Senate upon those nominations, the death of President Harrison occurred; Vice-President Tyler succeeded to the presidency, and Samuel L. Southard was chosen president *pro tempore* of the Senate.

Senator Southard had himself taken an active part in the nomination of Mr. Fisk, and was desirous that

his appointment should be confirmed. And, although the name of Mr. Fisk appeared last upon the list, his nomination was first confirmed in the Senate, there being some delay of action upon the other two names. They were, however, afterwards confirmed.

This reversal in the order of the names was not altogether agreeable to President Tyler, especially as he had been informed that Mr. Fisk was an Abolitionist; but he could not well do otherwise than to issue his commission. Mr. Fisk was, therefore, duly commissioned, with the rank of chaplain, in the navy of the United States, and awaited orders from the Navy Department.

He also petitioned Congress for a change of name from that of Photius Kavasales to that of Photius Fisk. His petition was granted by act of Congress, approved by the President, and he was thenceforth legally known as Photius Fisk.

In due time, Chaplain Fisk was assigned to duty on board the frigate *Columbia*, which was in commission for a three years' cruise, under the command of Captain Edward R. Shubrick. Accordingly, he reported on board for duty, and there was allotted to his exclusive use a state-room, which had been fitted up with especial reference to the convenience of the chaplain, and which belonged to him by right; but there were more officers than there were state-rooms, and one of the lieutenants

made application at the department for the chaplain's quarters, on the ground that he was obliged to stand watch in all kinds of weather, while the chaplain was not so exposed, and could better take up his quarters in the ward-room.

In any ordinary case, such a request would not have been considered, but Chaplain Fisk had not the good will of the President, and was, therefore, held in disfavor at the Department. The request of the lieutenant was granted, and the chaplain was transferred from his quiet state-room to the ward-room, in which some of the officers were quartered, and in which they were accustomed to smoke, drink whiskey, play poker, and demonstrate their proficiency in the higher branches of ornamental profanity and ribaldry. They seldom addressed him directly, but they seemed to delight in conversation among themselves in his presence, which could not be otherwise than offensive to him personally, and repugnant to his moral and religious sensibilities. Under such conditions and with such surroundings, he could have but little opportunity for quiet study and reflection, in his preparation for the proper execution of the duties which devolved upon him. But a state-room was made vacant in the course of the cruise, and, among the changes that were made, the chaplain was restored to his original and rightful quarters.

CRUISE OF THE COLUMBIA.

July 22, 1842, they sailed from New York, shaping their course for the western coast of Africa, ostensibly to intercept vessels engaged in the slave trade, but really to show the flag of the United States in those waters for a pretence ; for it was not, at that time, the real policy or desire of the government to cripple the slave trade. The captain of the frigate was himself an owner of slave property ; nearly all the officers on board were from the slave-holding States, and all of them, save Chaplain Fisk, were supporters of the slave-holding system. Consequently, as might be supposed, their efforts to capture slave-traders were not productive of great results. They made no effort to overhaul vessels that came in sight, lest they should interfere with the transportation of slave property. In the work of suppressing the slave trade, England was foremost on the sea. Her cruisers captured many vessels engaged in the traffic, and put an end to the business.

But Chaplain Fisk, although surrounded by superior officers whose predilections favored the slave system, and who were exceedingly intolerant of even a taint of Abolitionism, did not fail to express in plain language his sentiments in regard to the slave trade, and to the right of ownership in slave property. He knew that social ostracism was the penalty of holding anti-slavery

views ; but Culture had conspired with Nature to bestow upon Photius Fisk that rare combination of faculties and traits of character, which constitute the true nobility of soul,—a high order of intelligence, a firm integrity, a manly independence, an open-handed generosity, and a quality of moral courage which impelled him to speak and act according to his own well-defined convictions of right, of justice, and of duty, even though his sentiments might be exceedingly unpopular and sure to elicit adverse criticisms.

Endowed with that keen insight which instantly perceives the true relations of known facts, and justly estimates the weight and value of apparently conflicting points of evidence, he was not easily deceived by false pretences. He read the characters of men as from an open book. His sharp inspection penetrated their disguises and revealed to him their genuine, inherent qualities. He knew their mental stature, their moral inclinations, and their capabilities or possibilities for good or evil, and held them in esteem according to their worth, and not by their positions in the social scale or in official rank. He traced unerringly the narrow line between the true and false in principle, defined with certainty the separating point between the right and wrong in practice, and foresaw with clear precision the results of good or evil that must follow in the track of moral or immoral conduct, whether in the narrow sphere of private life or in the highest places of official trust.

Long years before the opening gun of the Rebellion aroused the North to arms, he observed the widening sectional diversity of sentiment upon the slavery issue, and predicted that the growing conflict of ideas, originating in the clash of such enormous interests, and waged with such a bitterness of sectional animosity, would finally resolve itself into a long and desperate conflict of military forces, to determine whether slavery or freedom should prevail throughout the land. His prescience discerned the gathering clouds of retribution that should sweep with desolating power over all the South. To him they seemed a poisonous mist arising from the depths of national injustice and pollution, like the fabled sulphurous exhalations emanating from the pit of Hell.

He knew that slavery was gaining ground and power in the South, but he perceived that in the North the anti-slavery sentiment was broadening, deepening, and consolidating for reformatory work. He fully comprehended the impending danger to the institutions of free government in United States, but hope and confidence predominated in his mind. His faith was grounded in the popular intelligence and sense of moral justice. His confidence was fixed in the inherent love of liberty and just equality enshrined within the Nation's heart; and he believed that, in the end, the principles of just equality and freedom would prevail against the power

of chains and slavery. He therefore hailed the anti-slavery agitation, not only as a star of hope and promise of deliverance to the bonded millions, but also as a presage of the national emergence from its nightmare of proprietary tyranny, political disgrace, and social degradation.

When Chaplain Fisk was in his prime of active manhood, both houses of Congress, the judges of the Supreme Court, the heads of the departments, and all subordinate officials of the Federal government were held subservient to the demands of the slavocracy. The slave-holding power had assumed the virtual and almost complete control of the machinery of government in the United States, and had subordinated every human right and every principle of justice to the slave-holding interest.

The system of slave labor, sanctioned by the long-established usages and customs of the Southern people, was ingrained in their industrial pursuits and social habits, and was incorporated, not only in the governmental institutions of all the Southern States, but also in the Constitution of the Federal government, and in the laws of the United States, made in conformity therewith.

Not only were the North and South united in the Federal system under one bond of political unity, but their industrial and commercial interests were in-

separably interwoven, and their dependence upon slave labor for their industrial and commercial prosperity, though not identical, was common to both sections. It was, therefore, not surprising that the statesmen of both sections joined their hands to foster and uphold the system, without reference to the clamors of a small minority of howling Abolitionists.

In those days, the chief executive might be a Northern man, but he must be of Southern principles. All his appointments to places of high trust and power in the public service must favor the extension and perpetuation of the slavery system. Otherwise, his nominations could not be confirmed in the Senate; his administration would become unpopular; the re-election of his party to office would be made impossible. Consequently, all branches of the public service were mainly officered by men whose interests were centered in the system, or whose predilections favored the continuance and growth of slavery.

It is not assumed that army and navy officers were always selected with reference to their pro-slavery sentiments, but every social consideration and every official influence brought to bear upon them tended to incline and to confirm them in support of the slave system. The taint of Abolitionism was made odious in official circles, and few among the navy officers would care to compromise their social standing on board the ship to

support a mere sentiment in regard to evils existing on shore, which they could neither remedy nor mitigate. Many of high official rank were owners of slave property; and few subalterns would have ventured, for prudential reasons, to dispute their right of ownership.

But Chaplain Fisk was an exception to the general rule. In his view, slavery was the sum of all abominations, the fountain-head of all social and political corruptions, and the primary source of untold wretchedness and misery. It was repugnant to his moral nature; and no consideration of social or official standing could restrain the free and unreserved expression of his principles. He openly denied the right of ownership in men, and denounced the whole system as a monstrous wrong against humanity; and, on account of his frank and open avowal of the most radical anti-slavery views, he became at once unpopular among the officers on board the frigate.

But expression of opinions relating to social and proprietary evils existing on shore, was no infraction of the regulations made and provided for observance in the naval service; and his alleged perversity of sentiment could be dealt with in no more effective way than by social ostracism. Therefore the officers on board the frigate shunned his company, avoiding conversation with him as far as possible, or, if they did speak to him, it was usually in a sneering, disrespectful way; but he

could endure that, since he was held in high estimation by the eight hundred men for his kindness of heart and his solicitude for their general and individual welfare.

After exhibiting the American flag on the coast of Africa, while the slave-dealers were plying their vocation, the *Columbia* turned her course across the Atlantic to the coast of South America. They cruised for several months along the coasts of Brazil and the Argentine Republic for the protection of commerce, and of the rights and interests of American citizens in those countries. They visited Rio de Janeiro, in November, 1842, where Chaplain Fisk secured a fine collection of mineral specimens and curiosities to enrich the cabinets of Amherst College and other institutions of learning in the United States.

After cruising for more than a year in South American waters, they set sail from Rio de Janeiro in February, 1844, to join the American squadron in the Mediterranean, under the command of Commodore Joseph Smith. But their course was varied by the occurrence of a sad event; for Captain Shubrick, who was taken violently ill upon the passage, expired after an illness of only three days. Appropriate religious ceremonies were conducted by Chaplain Fisk, and the remains of the captain were properly preserved for burial on shore.

The command of the frigate then devolved upon Lieutenant John R. Goldsborough, who, in compliance

with the last request of Captain Shubrick, anchored in the port of Cadiz, in Spain. His intention was to inter the remains of Captain Shubrick there ; but, on account of adverse quarantine regulations, he was not permitted to land the remains at that place. From Cadiz, he took the ship to Gibraltar, where, also, he was refused permission to inter the remains. The frigate then proceeded to the American naval station at Mahon, and joined the squadron there.

The death of Captain Shubrick was announced throughout the squadron, and preparations for the obsequies were made. The last sad funeral rites, attended by Commodore Smith, with delegations of officers from all the naval vessels lying at Mahon and the entire crew of the *Columbia*, were conducted in a most impressive manner by Chaplain Fisk, after which, the mortal part of Captain Shubrick was consigned to the earth, with appropriate prayer at the grave ; but his remains were afterwards removed to the United States.

Soon after the burial of Captain Shubrick, the squadron sailed for Toulon, where they remained two or three days. They next visited Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples ; and when laying at Naples, Chaplain Fisk requested leave of absence to revisit Greece. His request was granted by the commodore, with orders to rejoin the squadron in six weeks, at Malta.

The chaplain made no delay in taking passage to

Hydra, where, according to his uncle Maneses, he first saw the light. Making inquiry for a sister of his mother, who had resided there, he learned that she was dead, but had left a daughter living on the island. He sought her out, and finding her in poverty, he generously assisted her as far as his means would allow, reserving to himself barely sufficient to defray his expenses to Athens and to Malta, where he expected to meet the squadron.

But his time was limited, and his visit with his cousin was of short duration. He bade her an affectionate adieu and proceeded to Athens, where he met with Rev. Jonas King, an old-time associate of Pliny Fisk in missionary work. While in Athens, the chaplain attended a reception, which was given at the palace by King Otho, and was presented to that monarch of his native country by the American minister resident in Athens.

In due time he embarked for Malta, where he arrived within the time specified in his orders. The squadron had been there, but, receiving notice of some trouble involving the rights of American citizens in Algiers, they had sailed for Tangier, and the commodore had left orders with the American consul for Chaplain Fisk to follow the squadron.

Accordingly, after learning that Maneses had closed out his business in Malta and returned to Greece, he

borrowed money at the consulate to defray his travelling expenses, in the place of that which he had so generously given to his cousin in Hydra, and followed the squadron from port to port about the Mediterranean Sea, until he finally rejoined the *Columbia* at Mahon.

Soon afterwards, the *Columbia* was ordered home, under the command of a captain who had been sent from the United States to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Captain Shubrick; and, in pursuance of the order, they turned their course westward, across the Atlantic, on the passage home. After a cruise of about two and a half years, the *Columbia* arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, Dec. 30, 1844.

In accordance with the custom in the naval service, Chaplain Fisk was granted leave of absence for several months; at the expiration of which, he was ordered to shore duty on board the receiving ship *Pennsylvania*, then lying at the Norfolk navy yard; but his continuance at that station was of short duration. The chaplain on shore duty in Washington was a native of Norfolk; his friends resided there, and he wished to change places with Chaplain Fisk, who also desired the change proposed. The two chaplains, therefore, united in a petition to the Secretary of the Navy for a change of places. Their request was readily granted, and Chaplain Fisk was stationed in Washington, as he desired.

The atmosphere of Washington was more congenial

to his taste. Besides, he had in his own mind a subject of importance, to which he wished to invite the attention of leading members of Congress; and, being located there, he could more conveniently and frequently confer with them. He secured a boarding-place in the same house with his friend, Joshua R. Giddings, an influential member of the House of Representatives, and of whose co-operation the chaplain was assured.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE on board the *Columbia*, the tender sensibilities of Chaplain Fisk were often shocked by the undue severity of the punishments inflicted upon the enlisted men for trivial as well as serious offences. It was of frequent occurrence, that for some slight deviation from strict obedience of orders, or for some apparent neglect of a regular duty, or for some alleged discourtesy or disrespect toward a commissioned officer, the offender, stripped to the waist, was securely bound to the gangway, with his arms extended, and his back lacerated by a dozen heavy blows with the cat-o'-nine-tails, a scourge or whip of nine lashes. It was of almost daily occurrence that punishment by flogging, with greater or less severity, was inflicted for any slight offence, without the formality of calling all hands on deck to witness the punishment, and without lashing the victim of official resentment to the gangway. Any commissioned officer by his own arbitrary authority, at any time, and for any real or fancied misdemeanor, could cause the boatswain to apply the lash.

The infliction of such unmerciful punishments upon

the person of a fellow being, not only awakened in the sympathetic heart of Chaplain Fisk the tenderest feelings of compassion for the wounded sufferer, but also aroused his indignation against the arbitrary, cruel discipline. He perceived that the men must be trained to habits of obedience and faithfulness in the performance of regular duties ; but he did not believe that the application of knotted lashes to the persons of the men was essential to the maintenance of good order on ship-board. In his view, obedience of orders and faithfulness in the performance of duties could be as well, if not better, secured without the intervention of the lash.

But punishment by flogging had not only been the universally prevailing custom on ship-board for centuries, but was prescribed and provided for in the regulations, which had been established in conformity with law for practice in the naval service. It was, therefore, clear that nothing whatever could avail under the existing regulations to prevent, or even mitigate the wrong. The fault was grounded in long-established custom and in the regulations made according to the law. And hence, the only way to remedy the wrong must be to modify the regulations through the law, and to reform the custom by restrictions of the legal powers of the officers.

He perceived that this would be a work of no small

magnitude; for he was well aware that such a sweeping change would meet the active opposition of the entire force of navy officers; and that Congress would at first regard it as a dangerous innovation, and would withhold assent until after the most extended and careful consideration, if, indeed, they could be induced to consider it at all.

But the merciful spirit of Chaplain Fisk was blended with a firm determination of purpose,—he was not to be turned aside by obstructions which he could remove from his path. And, regarding the punishments inflicted in the navy as being not only altogether unnecessary to the preservation of good discipline, but as being excessive and degrading to both officers and men, he formed in his own mind a settled determination, that, whatever might be the effect upon his own social or official standing in the navy, he would spare no effort to secure an act of Congress that should abolish the whole system of punishment by flogging, and establish more humane methods of discipline in the naval service.

In accordance with that resolution, he made effective use of his opportunities to lay the whole matter of punishments in the navy before Ex-President Adams, Joshua R. Giddings, Henry Clay, and other influential members of both houses of Congress. In conversation with them separately, upon the subject, he drew their attention to the unmerciful treatment of the enlisted

men in the navy, and presented cogent reasons why the system of punishment by flogging ought to be superseded by more humane methods. He urged that torture with a scourge was humiliating and degrading in its influence upon the men; that such cruelty was worthy only of the barbarous age in which it originated; and that the lash was not more necessary to the preservation of good order on board a ship, than it was among men on shore. He answered their inquiries and objections in so clear, logical and conclusive a manner that some of them, particularly Adams and Giddings, were led to indorse his views, and to promise their efforts to procure the act of Congress which he desired.

Accordingly, a bill to abolish flogging in the navy was introduced in the House of Representatives; and, at the close of a long and spirited debate upon its merits, the proposed measure was defeated by a large majority. But Chaplain Fisk was not disheartened by the temporary failure of the bill. The agitation of the subject was inaugurated in the halls of legislation, and he believed that only time and further effort were required to complete the work so well begun; and that the ultimate adoption of the measure was assured.

The officers of highest rank in the navy, assuming that without the application of the lash there could be no maintenance of order among the men, and that obedience of orders could not be enforced by a less

rigorous discipline, were unanimous and active in their opposition to the measure. But men of strong influence in Congress were firm in their conviction that men would be as orderly and obedient without the laceration of their flesh as they would be with it; and that a more humane system of discipline ought to be established in the place of flogging.

The defeated measure was brought forward and defeated in successive sessions of Congress; but, in the earnest, protracted, and ably-conducted debates upon its merits in both the Senate and the House, it was, perhaps, as fully, deliberately, and carefully considered in all its bearings, as any other act of legislation that ever engaged the attention of Congress. The press was about equally divided for and against the measure. Chaplain Fisk was for it, and all other officers in the navy were against it; but the views of Chaplain Fisk prevailed at last. For, by the agitation of the subject through the press and in the halls of legislation during five successive years, the measure grew in public and in legislative favor. The negative majority grew less and less conspicuous in each succeeding trial, until, finally, at near the close of the session in 1850, the long-contested bill to abolish flogging in the navy passed both houses of Congress in the form of a proviso attached to an appropriation bill, and by the approval of the President, became a law. The following is a copy of the act.

"For transportation of the United States mails between New York and New Orleans, Havana and Chagres, and between Panama and some points in the territory of Oregon, \$874,600. *Provided:* That no payment shall be made for such service, except in proportion to the mail service heretofore performed, or that may be hereafter performed; and that the Secretary of the Navy is hereby directed to make payment in such proportion only. *Provided:* That flogging in the navy and on board vessels of commerce be, and the same is, hereby abolished from and after the passage of this act."

The regulations made and provided for official guidance in the navy were revised and modified; the cat-o'-nine-tails passed into disuse; the victory of the chaplain in his conflict with a barbarous and cruel custom was complete.

In the spring of 1850, after the usual five years on shore duty, but about six months before the passage of the above act, Chaplain Fisk was ordered to report for sea duty on board the frigate *Raritan*, bound for the Pacific station, under the command of Commodore Charles S. McCauley. The work of Chaplain Fisk in the origination of the law against flogging was already accomplished. He had convinced the most influential members of both houses of Congress of the existence of a grievous legal wrong, which ought to be remedied by appropriate legislation; and there was little more

that he could do for the advancement of the matter, after he had interested them in the work.

But long before he was ordered to sea on board the *Raritan*, Chaplain Fisk had become known throughout the navy, both among the officers and men, as the originator and instigator of the movement in Congress to revise the regulations, and to restrict by law the power of any officer to lacerate the persons of the enlisted men for the mere gratification of his resentments. It appeared evident to both officers and men that the bill, which he had so persistently urged upon the attention of the members of Congress, was, in the near future, destined to become a law. But, since the officers and men were looking at its provisions from opposite points of observation, they formulated opposite conclusions as to the probable results of the proposed change. They entertained conflicting sentiments respecting the desirability of such an innovation; and, therefore, they formed opposite estimates of the qualities of the chaplain, who had been so instrumental in bringing the matter forward for legislative action. He was denounced and hated among the officers, admired and loved among the men.

His interference had not only brought down upon the officers of the navy the severest criticisms in the course of the debates which had grown out of it in both houses of Congress, and had revealed for the inspection of the whole country the barbarous details of the cruel-

ties inflicted by them in the naval service, but seriously threatened to deprive them of some of the arbitrary powers which they had enjoyed from the foundation of the government, and which, in their view, were indispensable to the maintenance of their authority over the enlisted men, and to the preservation of good order and discipline in the service.

But, among the enlisted men, the efforts of Chaplain Fisk in their behalf were well appreciated. His generous, independent, fearless, and efficient action at the fountain-head of law for their relief, inspired them with hope and awakened their sincerest gratitude. They admired the firmness, the persistency, and the unflinching determination which he had evinced in his attack upon the modes of discipline, no less than they revered the self-sacrificing spirit and the tenderness of heart which had impelled him to champion their cause against the universally prevailing customs of the navies of the world, and against the active opposition of the officers of highest rank.

Under such circumstances and conditions, almost any man besides Chaplain Fisk would have resigned the office; but Chaplain Fisk was not the man to desert his post in the midst of the conflict. His cause was on the side of justice, mercy, and humanity, and he, knowing himself to be in the right, would not even seem to retreat from his position. He determined that he would retain

his commission and resume the duties of his office, as if nothing unusual had transpired, although some of his friends advised him to resign.

He would have preferred their good will, but would not appear to evade their indignation by retiring from the service, although they might, and probably would, make it exceedingly unpleasant for him on board the ship. For if they detested him before on account of his Abolition sentiments, they entertained toward him now the the most intense and bitter hatred on account of his interference with their modes of discipline, and would be likely to avail themselves of every opportunity to insult and annoy him.

Nor was Chaplain Fisk held in less disfavor at the Department than among the officers in the naval service. The Department would have been glad to be well rid of him, but did not think it advisable, under the peculiar circumstances, to remove or suspend him. They could bring against him no charge that would serve as a plausible pretext for his removal; and such action on their part, at that time, would be construed as retaliation for his instigation of a legislative movement in Congress. The chaplain had influential friends in the Senate, who would be likely to institute inquiries, in case he were removed without apparent cause.

In compliance with his orders, he reported for sea service on board the *Raritan*, which was in commission

for a cruise along the western coasts of North and South America, and among the islands of the South Pacific, for the protection of commerce, and of the rights and interests of American citizens in that quarter of the globe.

Aug. 25, 1850, the time designated in their instructions, the *Raritan* sailed upon her passage to the broad Pacific. They dropped anchor at Rio Janeiro, Oct. 29, to procure water and other supplies, to lower top-masts, send up shorter spars, bend smaller sails, and trim ship for the rough weather which they were sure to encounter in doubling Cape Horn at that season of the year.

While at anchor there the *Saratoga* entered the harbor, and, in approaching her anchorage, she stood across the bows of a Brazilian frigate and carried away her head booms. At the instant of the collision the Brazilian captain knocked his quartermaster down with a spy-glass, and then sent to the *Saratoga* an apology for being in the way.

Nov. 14, they sailed from Rio Janeiro on their tempestuous passage around Cape Horn. Dec. 22, they hove to in a violent gale of wind off Cape Horn, a heavy sea breaking over the ship, which was almost unmanageable for want of sail.

Jan. 11, 1851, they anchored at Valparaiso, the chief commercial seaport of the republic of Chili. The port

of Valparaíso is an open roadstead, with bad anchorage in deep water, and is, therefore, inconvenient and dangerous. On the 2d of April the city was violently shaken by an earthquake, which extended a great distance on the coast and far into the interior. It was accompanied by the usual subterranean sounds and violent agitation of the sea along the shore. Vessels in the harbor were considerably shaken. A vast amount of property was destroyed, and the inhabitants were terrorized, some rushing for the plazas, others dropping upon their knees to pray. Many buildings were badly cracked, and some completely ruined. Animals were greatly frightened, and clocks stopped. The weather was clear and calm at the time, but the city was for some time obscured by yellow dust.

April 22, the *Raritan* sailed for Callao, Peru, and arrived April 30. They anchored off the old Spanish Castles, the last stronghold of the Spaniards in Peru. Their place of anchorage was directly over the old city of Callao, which sank beneath the waves in the great earthquake of 1746. At that time a Spanish frigate was swept more than a mile inland upon the crest of a tidal wave, and left high and dry upon the land. A brick column surmounted by a cross now marks the spot upon which the frigate rested.

May 10, the *Raritan* sailed for Port Payta, where they expected to meet the *Savannah*, the flag-ship of the

Pacific squadron, with Commodore McCauley on board. They arrived on the 14th, but the *Savannah* had sailed away on the 6th.

On the arrival of the *Raritan* at Port Payta, they found, lying near the gates of death, under the charge of the American consulate, two seafaring men from the United States. One, the captain of a New Bedford ship of commerce, taken dangerously ill at sea, with little hope for his recovery, had placed himself in the hands of the consul, while his vessel proceeded to her point of destination under the command of the first mate. But there was no hospital at that port, and proper accommodations for the invalid captain could not be procured. The consul, however, succeeded in placing him under the immediate care of a family of Spanish Roman Catholics, whose language the captain did not understand, and to whom he could not easily make known his wants and wishes. Besides, he was of the Protestant faith, of which the Roman Catholics of that country were extremely intolerant. Consequently, the invalid heretic received but slight attention at their hands, save during the occasional visits of the consul, to whom the family were looking for remuneration for their alleged attendance.

The other, William Tuttle, a seaman before the mast, had received fatal injuries by a fall from aloft, on board a New Haven whaling ship, and had also been left at

the consulate to die. But he, too, was a heretic and a stranger, for whom, in his extremity of suffering, the people of Port Payta had little feeling of commiseration, and the consul could find none who would receive him into their house. Therefore, a booth in the open air was improvised for his reception, and, as a last resort, Spanish Catholic attendants were employed to watch over him, and to provide for all his wants; but they cared little for his wants; and although they looked in occasionally to see if he were still alive, they were indifferent to the sufferings of the dying heretic, and utterly neglected to attend to his most urgent needs, except when under the immediate observation of the consul or his assistants.

These cases were duly reported on board the *Raritan*, and Chaplain Fisk, ever ready to respond to the calls of suffering humanity, hastened to the bedsides of the invalids, whom he found in low condition, but in full possession of their mental faculties, and able to converse for brief periods between intervals of rest. The tenderest feelings of compassion were at once awakened in the sympathetic breast of Chaplain Fisk, who divided his attentions as equally as possible between the two, doing everything within his power to alleviate their sufferings, and to contribute to their comfort.

But his work of mercy was not of long continuance. They both passed to their eternal rest in a few days

after the arrival of the *Raritan*, and within three days of each other. Appropriate funeral ceremonies were conducted by Chaplain Fisk, and they were buried by the seashore, since, being heretics, they were denied sepulture in consecrated ground.

The chaplain had made a note of every point of information which he could obtain from them relating to their friends at home, and of every message of affection which they desired to communicate to their families. He obtained the address of the captain's family, and wrote to them the main particulars of the captain's illness, and the details and circumstances of his death and burial, and communicated to them his last wishes, and his dying words of affectionate farewell.

The name of the captain has passed from the memory of the chaplain, and the notes which he so carefully prepared are lost. But the name of William Tuttle is remembered; for in him the chaplain found a dear, loved friend and playmate of his academic days in New Haven. William lived with his parents, next door to the house of Professor Doten, with whom Photius boarded; the two boys, William and Photius, were of about equal age, and each soon recognized in the other a congenial spirit. They became intimate friends, being almost constantly together in their hours of recreation; and Photius, through his association with William, was made well acquainted with the Tuttle family, at whose house he was at all times a welcome visitor.

But the day of separation came. Photius was transferred to the academy in Amherst, and the young friends parted with mutual feelings of regret and hope that they should meet again. And now, after a separation of twenty-six years, their hope to meet again was realized. But oh, how sorrowful the circumstances of their meeting! The sunshine of their joy was clouded by the near approach of death, their gladness turned to grief. But the days of painful suffering and anxious watching were soon past, and Photius was chief mourner and officiating clergyman at the burial of William, upon a foreign and inhospitable shore. The chaplain wrote to the aged parents the sad circumstances of the death of their son, and conveyed to them his dying words of fond affection and of sorrowful farewell, together with kind words of sympathy and consolation in their great bereavement.

On the 20th of May they departed for Valparaiso, where they arrived June 10, and found the *Savannah* in port, with Commodore McCauley on board. Large quantities of wreckage were floating about the bay and strewing the shore, indicating the severity of the norther which had struck the port during their absence. Two American vessels, a barque and a brig, were driven upon the rocks and lost, and great damage was done by the storm to all the shipping caught at anchor there.

Early on the 7th of July, another norther commenced, and at 10 P. M. there was a furious gale, bearing a heavy swell and sea setting in the bay ; vessels were dragging anchors towards the rocks, some of them cutting away masts, and some were dashed upon the shore. A Chilian brig, which the *Raritan* had assisted, went on the rocks near the frigate and broke in pieces. An English mail steamer was driven on a sandy beach, and the American schooner yacht *Betty Bliss* dragged her anchor and disappeared under the bottom of the stranded steamer, and was broken up by the rolling of the larger vessel. The *Savannah* parted one cable and dragged quite near the *Raritan*, and the *Raritan*, with three anchors down during the gale, dragged within a cable's length of the shore, with a short scope on the riding cable and no room to veer further, losing the fourth anchor and part of one cable, which was cut in two on the rocks. On the following morning the ship was pitching fearfully, the sea breaking over her and high upon the rocky bluffs just to leeward, and thousands of people overlooking the scene from the hills above. Late in the day it fell calm and the sea abated, but a heavy swell rolled in. On lighting their anchors and moving further out to their former berth, it was found that one link of the cable they had been riding by was opened, which a few more heavy surges would have parted, and the cruise of the *Raritan* would have

terminated on the rocks inside of Point Angeles; but the broken link held on and saved them from destruction. There were about five hundred persons on board the *Raritan* at the time.

July 17, Commodore McCauley came on board, and on the following day transferred his flag to the *Raritan*, which had been sent out to relieve the flag-ship *Savannah*. The *Savannah* sailed for the United States, and on the 21st, the *Raritan* stood out to sea and headed for Callao. On the second day out they encountered another heavy norther, but rode it out under short sail, and arrived at Callao, Aug. 30.

Aug. 9, Captain Charles Gauntt, who had sailed from New York in command of the *Raritan*, was ordered home, and Lieut. J. C. Carter became lieutenant, commanding flag-ship *Raritan*.

Sept. 8, they sailed for Valparaiso, passed near the island of Juan Fernandez on the 21st, sighted the snow-capped Andes on the 23d, and arrived at Valparaiso on the 24th.

A wide-spread insurrection or attempted revolution had broken out in Chili, and active hostilities had begun at several points. A recently defeated candidate for the presidency had taken the field with considerable force, and the army of the republic was ready to oppose him. The insurrection first commenced in Coquimbo, and the insurgents advanced upon Santiago, but were repulsed.

A small English steamer, the *Fire Fly*, was captured by the insurgents, but the English steamer *Gorgon* recaptured and anchored her under the Admiral's guns. Great indignation prevailed among the insurgents against the English interference with their plans.

Oct. 28, a bloody conflict raged in the streets and plazas of Valparaiso, in which many of both government troops and insurgents were slain or wounded, and thousands of non-combatant citizens fled to the surrounding hills. Martial law was proclaimed, and Admiral Blanco, the *intendente*, acting gallantly in clearing the streets and plazas of insurgents, having but a small force at his disposal, but the fighting continued until midnight.

The American, French, and English ships in port landed strong detachments, and occupied important points for the protection of foreign residents. Commodore McCauley landed fifty seamen and twenty marines, who occupied the Plaza Sauana. The English were on their right, and the French occupied the mole.

When they landed the city was enveloped in smoke, and squadrons of cavalry and vigilants, with detachments of infantry, were charging up and down the streets. As the English landed, a party of insurgents fired at them briskly, the bullets flying over the heads of the *Raritan's* detachment, but the government troops soon drove them away.

Chaplain Fisk, who happened to be on shore when the fray commenced, and was returning to the landing-place, was caught between the two lines, a target for both parties, — the insurgents firing up the street, and the government troops charging down, with the chaplain between. But the captain of a Scotch merchantman, who was in the same predicament, piloted him to the landing, and conveyed him in his boat to the *Raritan*.

Some time after these events the insurrection received its death-blow in a decisive battle, which re-established the authority of the government, and Chili was again at peace within her borders.

Dec. 31, they sailed for Callao, where they arrived Jan. 8, 1852.

Jan. 21, the English steam-packet *Lima*, five days from Valparaiso, brought news that the American ship *Florida*, employed by the Chilian government in transporting prisoners to the penal colony, had been seized by prisoners, the captain and mate put in irons, and the Chilian officers thrown overboard. They sailed again for the south, standing as far west as $97^{\circ} 25'$.

Feb. 14, they came to near Bay of Conception, and on the 16th beat up to anchorage off Talcahuana, Chili. On the 24th, they sailed for Valparaiso, where they arrived on the 26th. As they came near the port they were drifting in a calm; but they lowered the boats, and towed the ship to anchorage.

March 24, they sailed for Callao, and arrived off the Old Castles April 3. On the 7th, they sailed for Port Payta, where they arrived on the 12th.

April 14, they sailed for the Gulf of Guayaquil, in Ecuador, and anchored on the 18th near the island of Puna, at the head of the gulf. General Flores, with about seven thousand men, was then encamped on the island. He had a few transports, and was waiting for re-enforcements to attack Guayaquil. His force was composed mainly of Colombians, renegade Chilians, and Peruvians. He was supposed to be a defeated candidate for the presidency, or an adventurer, who wished to overthrow the government of Ecuador and usurp the civil power.

On the 22d, a steamer came down the river from Guayaquil, flying the Ecuadorean flag at the main and the American flag at the fore, bearing Mr. Cushing, the American Minister, on board, and towing the *Raritan's* cutter, which had been sent to communicate with that astute diplomat. Flores' vessels got up steam at once, in preparation to seize the armed vessel ; but the interposition of Commodore McCauley prevented the capture, and permitted her to return to Guayaquil. The minister had made a stupid blunder, and Commodore McCauley gave him his views of the matter in very sharp language on the quarter-deck, while Flores' officers were waiting for an answer as to the commodore's

intentions. Flores afterwards became president of the Republic of Chili.

April 25, the *Raritan* dropped down the bay with the tide and current, got to sea on the next day, and arrived at Port Payta on the 30th.

While on shore Chaplain Fisk learned that, on receipt of his letter, the friends of the captain whom he had buried there a year before had forwarded to Port Payta a marble headstone, properly inscribed, to be placed at the head of the captain's grave. In due time the slab was received at the consulate and properly placed in position at the captain's grave. But there was no marble quarried in that country, and the Romish priest coveted the stone for a decoration to his church. Consequently, the slab was removed by stealth from the grave of the heretic and placed with the inscription side down upon the floor in front of the altar in the church.

The chaplain reported the facts to the commodore, who instructed the consul to demand the immediate return of the stone to the captain's grave. The demand was made, and the stone was returned in compliance therewith; but the consul suggested that as soon as the *Raritan* should be out of sight, or, at the longest, as soon as the consulate should pass into other hands, they would steal it again.

June 1, the *Raritan* sailed for Panama, where she arrived on the 8th. The officers and men desired to

visit San Francisco, but the commodore, on account of an adverse experience which he had encountered at that port while in command of the *Savannah*, in 1849, declined to drop anchor there.

At the time when gold was first discovered in the mountains of California, the commodore anchored in the harbor of San Francisco, and allowed his crew their usual liberty on shore; but they never returned on board the ship. More than one-half of his crew of about one thousand men deserted for the mines, and any effort to recover them would be likely to prove unavailing, since any party that he might send out to capture deserters would themselves desert for the mountains of gold.

At the city of Panama they found large numbers of American adventurers going to and returning from the California mines. Pack mules over rough roads, and canoes on the Chagres River, were the only means of transportation across the Isthmus. There was much hardship encountered by these thousands of emigrants detained on the Isthmus, and robbery and murder were not uncommon occurrences between Chagres and Panama.

June 19, they dropped down the bay to Tobago, seven miles, to water ship. There are many islands in the Bay of Panama, to which many emigrants resorted while awaiting transportation to California. The steamer *Tennessee* sailed from the bay with seven hundred passengers, bound for San Francisco.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPLAIN FISK, so grandly heroic in the world's great conflict of the right against the wrong, was not wanting in the finer sensibilities of soul. He was an ardent admirer of the beautiful in nature and in art; particularly fond of flowers; and in his frequent visits to the tropical shores of South America and to the islands of the Bay of Panama, he observed many beautiful varieties which he had never seen in the United States, and which he earnestly desired to transplant in the soil of his adopted country. Therefore, he procured a large variety of bulbs, cuttings, and seeds, to each of which he attached its appropriate name, with copious notes relating to its propagation. These he transferred to his own stateroom on board the frigate; but the surgeons, who were not particularly friendly to Chaplain Fisk, conceiving that they might contain the germs of epidemics, insisted that, as a sanitary measure, they should all be thrown overboard. The chaplain appealed to the commodore, who said to him, "Bring them into my room, Chaplain. They will not be likely to disturb them here." He removed them to

the commodore's room, where they remained until the *Raritan* arrived at Norfolk.

There was, however, one which he retained in his own keeping, for greater security. He had procured on a small island in the Bay of Panama the bulbous root of the *Oncidium Papilio*, a beautiful orchideous plant, the flower of which resembles the butterfly, both in form and variegated adornment. That he carefully wrapped in cotton wool and carried in his bosom around Cape Horn on the passage home, in order to protect it from the cold, to which, like the butterfly itself, it is very sensitive.

The lively animosity of some of the officers on board the *Raritan* against the chaplain was made manifest in various ways. Others were at least gentlemanly in their bearing toward him ; and with some he formed a lasting friendship, especially with Midshipman W. P. McCann, who now holds the rank of commodore in the navy. Commodore McCauley, who was himself a kind-hearted gentleman, and one of the best officers in the navy, always treated him with civility, and on some occasions protected him from the persecutions of his active enemies.

On the 26th of June, they bid adieu to the beautiful Bay of Panama, and dropped anchor at Port Payta on the 12th of July. Putting to sea on the 19th, they visited the Galapagos Islands, Aug. 6th. On the 9th,

10th, and 11th, they encountered a heavy gale, and split nearly a whole suit of sails by crowding on before the gale abated, making two hundred and seventy-four miles in twenty-four hours. On the 13th, they sighted the island of Juan Fernandez, and anchored at Valparaiso, Sept. 19.

Oct. 3, they took their final departure from Valparaiso, and arrived at Callao on the 12th. Mr. Clay, the United States minister resident, desired the commodore to prolong his stay, but without avail. The *Raritan* was ordered home, and took her final leave of Callao on the 16th, homeward bound. Both officers and men were elated with the prospect of a speedy return to their own country ; but, when almost ready to sail, they received, through the minister resident, orders from the Secretary of State, Hon. Daniel Webster, to proceed at once to the guano islands on the coast of Peru, and drive away all vessels owned in the United States and engaged in the guano trade, as being trespassers on the rights of Peru.

The order was received with evident displeasure among all ranks on board the *Raritan*, because it delayed their homeward passage. The acts of the administration were freely criticized on board the ship. The intruding vessels were there in consequence of a decision, rendered by Secretary Webster, that the guano islands did not belong exclusively to Peru, but were free

to the vessels of all nations. The guano traders had cleared from ports of the United States, with permission from the government to import guano from those islands; but, on investigation of the matter, it was found that the United States had previously recognized the right of Peru to exclusive possession of those islands.

Therefore, since the United States could not legally authorize vessels of commerce to trespass upon the territory of another nation, and must indemnify Peru for every cargo of guano taken by American vessels from her possessions without the consent of the Peruvian government, it became necessary, not only to withdraw the illegally granted permission, but also to prevent further depredations by American traders upon the guano beds of Peru.

In compliance with the orders, they visited the islands; but their search for Yankee intruders upon Peruvian rights was not crowned with success. They had taken full cargoes of guano on board, and sailed for home before the appearance of the *Raritan* upon the scene of operations. There was not even one Yankee marauder left upon whom they could wreak the vengeance of outraged international law, in vindication of the good faith of the United States; but the formal recognition of the right of Peru to exclusive possession of the islands settled the whole matter amicably. Peruvian officers dined on board the *Raritan*, anchor was

weighed, and the *Raritan* put to sea, with her prow turned in the direction of the South Pole, and the North Star taking its position astern on the 30th of October, 1852.

Nov. 21, they passed Cape Horn. For six days, off the cape they had stormy weather, with rain, snow, and violent squalls,—part of the time bitterly cold, and raining sleet. Two of the men nearly perished with the cold and snow, when reefing topsails. Finally, a northwest wind sprung up, and they made a fine run to the north of Cape Horn. Christmas Day they crossed the equator, and anchored at St. Thomas, one of the West India Islands, on the 6th of January, 1853.

They procured there a supply of water, and sailed for Norfolk the next day, where they arrived Feb. 2, and turned the ship over to the navy yard.

As soon as practicable after his arrival in Norfolk, Chaplain Fisk proceeded to Washington, bearing his botanic treasures, the most of which, including the bulb of the wonderful *Oncidium Papilio*, he presented to Superintendent Breckinridge, of the Government Conservatory in Washington. Transplanted in the genial warmth of the hot-house, many of them sprang into new life under the fostering care of experienced botanists; and among them, in due time, the beautiful butterfly flower unfolded its loveliness in our northern latitude.

The chaplain was granted leave of absence extending

through several months, during which time he visited New York, New Haven, Boston, Amherst, Salem, and other places dear to him on account of the associations of his earlier years. At the expiration of his leave of absence, he reported for orders at the Department, and was assigned to shore duty in the navy yard at Pensacola, Florida.

Accordingly, he reported to the commandant of the Pensacola yard, and assumed the duties of his office; but he was held in great disfavor in the yard, both on account of his Abolitionism and of the part which he had taken in the matter of revision of the navy regulations. In the town he was not only socially ostracized, but often subjected to gross insult upon the street, on account of his extremely radical views upon the slavery question. An Abolitionist, in that section, was regarded with suspicion and aversion; but, since the chaplain was an officer on duty in the navy of the United States, his presence was tolerated. A fine residence in the navy yard was furnished for him by the government, according to his rank, where he was surrounded with every comfort that he desired save the companionship of friends.

There were none, either in the yard or out of it, with whom he could converse freely, and in whose friendship and sympathy he could confide. Not even the clergymen in town would treat him with common

civility, declining to extend to him the usual courtesy of an exchange of pulpits for a Sunday, lest he should contaminate their congregations with his Abolition heresies, and originate a turmoil in the social state.

He was known as an Abolitionist; and for that reason the owners of slave property closely scrutinized his movements, being apprehensive that he might be a secret agent of the Abolition party, and confederate with the Yankee coasting skippers, who were transferring slaves from various points along the shore to Canada; and that he might not only breathe into the minds of their human chattels a thought and hope of liberty, but might aid in their escape. Therefore, to evade the charge of inducing slaves to run away, he prudently refrained from holding conversation with them. He took an occasional ride or walk about the town, but the most of his time was passed in the seclusion of his own quarters, communing with his books and caressing his pet animals and birds, which manifested no intolerance of his anti-slavery sentiments, and did not appear to realize what a dangerous Abolition agitator he was.

In the discharge of the duties of his sacred office, the chaplain presented himself regularly every Sunday morning in the chapel of the navy yard, read a chapter of the Bible, sang an appropriate hymn, preferred his petitions before the Throne of Grace, and, if he had even one listener, expounded the Scriptures according to the

tenets of the faith. His usual number of hearers ranged from one to three, and his congregation seldom numbered more than half a dozen.

To one with his conversational powers and communicative turn of mind, such environments and conditions were extremely unpleasant. The arrogant assumptions and the gross injustice of the slave power were repugnant to the moral nature of Chaplain Fisk; and, therefore, he often had the resignation of his office in serious contemplation; but both Giddings and Sumner, with whom he held frequent correspondence through the mails, counseled him to retain his commission and wait patiently for the expiration of his term of shore duty. They both made efforts to procure his transference to some other station, but without avail.

At last, late in the fall of 1858, after the usual period of shore duty, Chaplain Fisk was detached from the Pensacola yard and ordered to report at the Navy Department in Washington. This was to him a welcome order, for the conditions in the Southern States were growing more and more distasteful to him, since the sectional animosities engendered by the anti-slavery agitation in the North were gathering intensity with each new movement of the Northern Abolitionists to circumscribe the territorial limits of the slavery system.

The slavery extension controversy involved the perpetuity of institutions long established in the South;

and the industrial, commercial, and proprietary interests of the Southern section were, in their view, at stake upon the issue. For, in the admission of free States into the Union, with no extension of the area of slavery to preserve the equilibrium of voting strength between the free and slave sections, the slaveholders of the South foresaw the sure decadence of their influence in all branches of the Federal government, with a constantly increasing preponderance of political power inimical to slavery, which would ultimately crush the institution even in the Southern States. Their social and industrial system, therefore, must extend its boundaries, or slavery would be extinguished, and the general prosperity of the Southern section would be sacrificed.

With these prospective evils to the South before them, they made strong efforts to establish slavery in the territories, with a view to their admission as slave States; but anti-slavery settlers from the North outnumbered them in the adoption of State constitutions; a strong party, if not a clear majority, in Congress favored the admission of free States into the Union; and the election of an anti-slavery president, in the not distant future, appeared not only probable, but certain. Political supremacy, with the advantage which it gives, was evidently slipping from their grasp into the hands of the enemies of their industrial system; and, therefore, since there could be no protection of that system

under the Federal domination, they would defend their own by force of arms. The armies of the South would overthrow the Federal government; they would seize the vast territories of the United States; they would plant therein the slavery system; and would institute an independent government, adapted to promote the Southern interests, and protect the Southern rights. Preparations for the coming conflict were in progress, and the people entertained suspicions that any stranger travelling in their section might be an emissary of the Abolition party, acting as a spy upon their movements.

Being unable to procure passage from Pensacola by water, the chaplain employed a slave named Ramsey, who had the charge and use of a team belonging to his master, and who was permitted to contract for small jobs of transportation, to convey his baggage to Blakely, Alabama, while he himself travelled on horseback by the same route. He was not, however, destined to reach that point without frequent annoyances in the form of interrogatives; for, being a stranger, with no self-evident business in hand, the people on his line of travel were suspicious of his motives. Therefore, they scanned him closely, and questioned him as to whence he came and whither he was going, who he was, and what he was there for. He was able, however, to give satisfactory answers to their interrogations, and was allowed to proceed on his way without serious molestation.

Arrived in Blakely, he crossed the bay to Mobile, where, after affording information for the satisfaction of the inquisitive, that his name was Fisk; that he was what his uniform indicated, a chaplain in the navy; and that he was on his way from Pensacola to Washington, in compliance with orders from the Navy Department, he secured a passage on board a steamer to New Orleans. On his arrival at the pier in New Orleans, he contracted with a colored expressman to transfer his baggage to the landing-place of a designated line of river steamers; but the coming of the baggage was long delayed, and the chaplain reported the case to a policeman, who assisted him in the recovery of his trunks.

He then procured a ticket to Cairo, boarded a steamer, and proceeded on his way up the Mississippi River. When fairly under way, the chaplain presented himself in the dining saloon of the boat, and appropriated a place at the table, but the colored waiter said to him:

"Dat's a reserbed seat, Massa."

"But, my man," said the chaplain, "I am very hungry. Can you not furnish me with a supper?"

"Speak to de cap'n, Massa," replied the waiter.

Just then another individual, wearing a white neck-tie, came in and seated himself at the table, but the waiter informed him also that the seat was reserved.

"Reserved? You black son of a ——! Bring me some supper, or I will show you who I am!" bellowed the individual wearing the white necktie, in tones that savored not of meekness.

"Yes, Massa, but you has to speak to de cap'n, Massa," replied the waiter.

At that point the chaplain, who perceived indications of another outbreak of explosive wrath to come from beneath the white necktie, ventured the suggestion, "Sir, this poor man must obey his master. He is not permitted to serve us until tickets issued by the captain are presented; and is it not unkind to require him to disregard his instructions and bring himself into trouble? Let us comply with the rule and procure them." He then retreated to the upper deck, accompanied by his new acquaintance, who entertained him with the explanation:

"It may seem to you, my friend, unkind, but these niggers are an indolent set of rascals, who must be made to know their places, or their idleness and insolence will soon become insufferable. I sometimes find it necessary to discipline my own niggers, in order to hold them in submission and correct their idleness. They are born to obey, not to command."

"But," said the chaplain, "according to the good Book, the servant is to obey his master, not the stranger, whose commands may be in conflict with those of his master."

"I preceive the force and application of your suggestion. I was, perhaps, a little too hasty with the nigger, but the primary fault was in his impudence; but let it pass. If I am not mistaken, you are a clergyman. Am I right in my conjecture?" said the man in the white necktie.

"Yes, sir; I am a chaplain in the navy, and I draw the inference that you are also of the same profession," replied the chaplain, willing to change the subject.

"I am, brother, a preacher of the blessed Gospel of our divine Lord and Saviour. I am of the Baptist persuasion, and have pastoral charge of the church in —, about fifty miles up the river. We are both watchmen upon the walls of the spiritual Zion, and it affords me the greatest pleasure to meet with a brother in Christ, — a fellow laborer in the vineyard of our dear Redeemer. Can you not accompany me to my home, brother? I would be glad to entertain you at my plantation, and to introduce you to my little flock of about two hundred souls on the Sabbath."

To this expression of good-will the chaplain replied: "I thank you for the generous invitation which you have so kindly extended to me, but I am travelling under orders to report at the Navy Department, and I must not tarry by the way, nor deviate from the nearest course to the Capitol. Thanking you again for your courteous consideration, I must plead as an excuse the impossibility which stands in the way.

They held a brief conference with the captain, and returned, provided with the proper checks, to the supper table, where they were soon gratified with the discovery that the places, after all, had been reserved for themselves; and, after they had fully satisfied the cravings of their inner being, they resumed their conversation upon religious topics.

CHAPTER VII.

THE chaplain, desiring further knowledge of the true relation of Christianity to slavery, and of the views of Christian duties, obligations, and responsibilities prevailing in the Southern States, informed his new-found "brother in Christ" that he was from the North, and that his efforts and his personal observations being, in the main, restricted to the narrow limits of the navy yards and ships of war, he had little opportunity to note the advancement of the Christian cause in any section of the country, and he especially desired more thorough information of the spiritual conditions of the people of the South, where he was least acquainted.

In reply to the inquiries and suggestions of the chaplain, the parson gave him the assurance that the people of the South received the Bible as their rule of faith and practice; that the clergy and the laymen were alike unyielding in the faith, and zealous in the promulgation of the Christian doctrines; that the churches in that section were, with few exceptions, in a flourishing and prosperous condition; that their membership was steadily increasing, through the faithful

preaching of the Word and the co-operation of the Holy Spirit; and that, although the niggers were believed to be endowed by the Creator with immortal souls, they were a lower order in the scale of being, and were, therefore, not received as members in the church organizations of the whites; but they held religious exercises of their own on the plantations of their masters, and their worship was, no doubt, acceptable to God.

The chaplain, continuing his inquiries, elicited the further information that the nigger, having been created on a lower plane of intellectual and spiritual being than the white, inevitably gravitated to a lower social place on earth, and the logical inference was that he would also occupy a lower place in heaven, if saved; a lower place in hell, if lost.

Desiring to draw out the views of the parson in regard to the divine approval or disapproval of the slavery institution, but thinking it unprofitable to engage with him in argumentative discussion of the problem, and not wishing to question him directly upon that point, the chaplain took a good occasion to remark that, although he had little opportunity to gain a knowledge of the sentiments of Northern Christians by association with them, he had gathered the impression from the publications of the day that, while a clear majority of Christians in the North allowed that slavery was not in conflict with the teachings of the Scriptures, a large

minority regarded slavery as being in opposition to the genuine spirit of the Gospel.

This confession of the existence of erroneous religious views in the Northern States awakened a responsive chord in the breast of the slave-holding parson, who was himself aware that large numbers in the North, while outwardly professing to be followers of Christ, were, in reality, the followers of the devil and their own evil inclinations, wilfully perverting the clearest teachings of the Holy Scriptures; and, in the name of God, were striving earnestly to undermine and overthrow the social system which was instituted and ordained by the divine commands.

He therefore explained further that all such as denied that human bondage was established in accordance with the teachings of the Bible were enemies of God and of his righteousness; and that they were incendiary agitators, imps of hell, whose views of Christian truth and duty were not drawn from revelations of the will of God, but originated in their own depraved imaginations, and were colored and distorted by political affiliation with the Abolition party.

Saying that the Word of God itself would settle the disputed point, the parson produced from his pocket a copy of the Bible; and, turning to Lev. xxv.: 44-46, he read :

"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids.

"Moreover, of the children of the strangers that sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession.

"And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever; but over your brethren, the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over the other with rigor."

He also read many passages from other parts of the Old and New Testaments, proving conclusively that human bondage was not only permitted, but was approved and provided for in both; and challenged the chaplain to cite a single passage from any part of the Bible in which the ownership of bondmen and bondwomen was condemned or even disapproved.

The chaplain was constrained to admit that he had not such a passage in mind, except that one Jew was prohibited from holding another Jew in bondage for a longer period than six years at any one time. He also conceded that the passages of Scripture cited by the parson were clear and explicit in approval of the practice of buying, selling, and enslaving human beings. At length the parson reached his place of landing, and left the chaplain in serious contemplation of the teachings of the Word of God upon the slavery question.

This incident turned the chaplain's meditations into a new channel; reflection modified his views of the divine authority of the teachings of the Bible. The principle of slavery was certainly established in the law, and recognized without disfavor in the Gospel; yet slavery was in open violation of every principle of right and justice, and he could not harmonize the divine approval of any system of human bondage with his ideas of the divine mercies. He had unwavering faith in the goodness, justice, and mercy of the Heavenly Father; and he chose rather to believe the Bible to be at fault than to suppose that God could be the author and upholder of such a monstrous wrong. His meditations led him into doubts concerning the divine origin of the law of Moses, and of the inspiration of the Gospel, and he said within himself, "If slavery is any part of Christianity, then I am not a Christian."

Arrived in Cairo, Chaplain Fisk proceeded by the earliest train to Washington, and reported without delay at the Navy Department. Leave of absence for three months being granted him, he availed himself of his opportunity to revisit the scenes of his academic days in New England. On his way, he stopped over a couple of days in New York, making calls upon some of his old friends in that city. Resuming his journey, he reached New Haven, where he made inquiries for his early friend and benefactor, Professor Doten, of

Yale College, and was deeply pained by the intelligence that Professor Doten and his two sons were dead, and that his widow was living with some of her relatives in Hartford. The parents of his friend, William Tuttle, whom he had buried in Peru, had also passed away, and no one could give him information as to what had become of their family.

Remaining a few days in New Haven to search out so many of the friends of his boyhood as might still be living there, he went to Hartford on a visit of condolence to the kind-hearted benefactress and foster-mother of his youth, the widow of Professor Doten, whom he found pleasantly situated with her relatives, but not in affluent circumstances.

His coming was to her a gleam of sunshine breaking through the clouds of her threefold affliction. His cheering presence was a solace to her sorrowing heart, his words a healing balm that soothed her wounded spirit and inspired her with brighter hopes.

At length, desiring to provide for her financially in her old age according to her needs, and wishing also to assure her that he did not regard it as a gratuity, but as the cancellation of a debt, he turned his conversation into reminiscences of incidents which were determinative of his course in life, with the results of good and ill which followed in the track of his endeavors. He recalled to mind the adverse conditions of his early

years, his efforts under difficulties to acquire a scholastic education, his encounters with obstructions lying in his path of progress, and his ultimate professional success, by which he passed from penury to independence. Attributing his failures and reverses mainly to his own mistakes, he recognized that his advancement in the schools prepared the way for his appointment to official rank, the emoluments of which, increased by fortunate investments, had already placed him in good financial circumstances; and that, since all his educational advantages and consequent success were due to the assistance rendered by the generous benefactors of his youth, prominent among whom were Professor and Mrs. Doten, he had especial cause for gratitude to them, and was now under an especial obligation to restore to her the full amount which they had expended for his benefit. That amount with interest was really due to her, and every principle of justice required that payment should be made. He left her with a liberal provision for her present needs, and, claiming that he had made only partial payment of his indebtedness, he sent thereafter periodical and generous donations during the remainder of her life.

Bidding the now aged benefactress of his youth a kind adieu, he proceeded to Salem, Mass., where he found the widow of Rev. Elias Cornelius, the former secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions,

to whose care he was assigned on his first arrival in the country. To her, also, he insisted that he was indebted, and provided bountifully for her support as long as she lived.

He next visited Captain Josiah Dewing, to whose kind generosity he was indebted for his first passage across the Atlantic, from Malta to the United States. At that time the captain was in his prime of vigorous manhood; now the infirmities of age were bearing heavily upon him, but the burdens of accumulated years were lightened by his native cheerful frame of mind.

After hearty greetings and mutual expressions of affection and of gladness, they settled down into a long-continued conversation, recounting to each other their adventures on the sea and their experiences on the land. Their varied encounters with adverse conditions, their opportunities improved or missed, their triumphs, their defeats, and the resultant consequences to themselves and to the world, passed in review before them.

The chaplain, finding that the financial resources of the captain were not over-abundant, insisted that he should accept remuneration for his kindness and the expense incurred in the transportation of two Greek boys from Malta to the United States. The argument submitted by the captain, that the light expense of their conveyance was not taken from his pocket, but

rested on the owners of the brig *America*, had no weight whatever in the mind of the chaplain. He urged with accent that the timely generosity of Captain Dewing had transferred him from the narrow limits of an island of the sea into a more extended field of operations, where his faculties could have a broader range, and reach a higher stage of intellectual and moral culture. His transportation to America had turned the tide of fortune in his favor; and he, therefore, owed to Captain Dewing, as to other benefactors of his youth, an everlasting debt of gratitude, which money could not pay in full; but every rule of honor, and every principle of justice and integrity demanded that he should, so far as possible, requite the favor. The captain still averred that there was nothing due him, but the chaplain thrust into his hand sufficient to supply his needs for several months, and afterward contributed with liberal hand while life remained. Several years after the death of Captain Dewing, the chaplain learned by inquiry that no headstone marked his place of burial, and at once erected appropriate slabs of marble to the memory of both the captain and his wife.

At the expiration of his leave of absence, he reported by letter to the Department, and was instructed to await orders at the station in Boston. There he continued for more than two years, drawing his monthly

salary at the navy yard in Charlestown, and waiting patiently for orders to report for active duty; but, being a radical Abolitionist and agitator of reform in navy discipline, he was not wanted either in the active service or in Washington, and the administration, having no cause for his removal from office, adjudged it expedient to hold him in reserve.

In the meantime, he became intimately acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Weld, Parker Pillsbury, and other anti-slavery agitators, with whom he conversed freely upon the attitude of the Bible and the Christian churches on the slavery question. These interviews confirmed his already definitely formed suspicion that not only the

- Christian churches, but the Bible itself, the foundation of the Christian faith, sanctioned, upheld, and authorized human bondage.

Hitherto Chaplain Fisk had recognized in the Scripture teachings the true principles of moral action, by which all men ought to be governed in their social intercourse; but now his confidence in the correctness of the almost universally accepted doctrine—that the entire Book was given by divine inspiration as a perfect rule of faith and practice, that would lead men in the way of truth and righteousness—was weakened. He could not believe that the Divine Being, whom he had learned to reverence and love as the embodiment of all

wisdom, truth, justice, mercy, and goodness, could be the author and upholder of such a monstrous wrong against humanity. He chose rather to believe the Scripture teachings to be of human origin, and tintured with the barbarisms of the ancient days, than to impute to God the authorship of all or any of the wrongs which man, through arbitrary power, imposes upon man to gratify the baser passions and propensities of selfish human nature.

His reflections gradually drifted into channels of free thought, and he began to test the Bible teachings in the light of facts and reason; for it seemed self-evident to him that, while error may, and often does, conflict with error, and wrongs against humanity are oftentimes in conflict with each other, the principles of truth are never found at variance among themselves, nor out of harmony with facts. He reasoned that no moral right can ever clash with any other moral right, nor can a principle of truth array itself upon the side of wrong in human action; that truth is always on the side of right, as falsehood takes the side of wrong; and that, if the entire Bible is the unerring truth of God, revealed to lead men in the paths of moral rectitude, not only every part thereof must be in harmony with every other part, but all its moral precepts must be true in principle and right in application. He reasoned that all truth will bear investigation in the light of

demonstrated facts and cultured reason; that only error hides itself behind some mystery of godliness, which is too deep for human comprehension and too sacred for profane inquiry; and that human ignorance constitutes the only veil that shields the mysteries of truth from the perceptions of mankind.

With these propositions formulated in the premises, he searched the Scriptures diligently, not for confirmation of the dogmas of theology, but for internal evidence of the fallibility or infallibility of the Bible itself, and of the agreement or disagreement of its moral precepts with each other, and with the universally accepted principles of moral right, of justice, and of mercy.

Testing the teachings of the Scriptures, old and new, by the same rules of criticism that he would apply in a review of any other book, he became fully persuaded in his own mind that the value of the Bible as a moral teacher of mankind had been greatly overestimated; and that, while it contained numerous passages that were grand and true, there were also found therein many contradictory statements in regard to alleged facts, and many precepts in direct antagonism to each other.

His long and fondly cherished belief in the divine authority and sacredness of the Book was shattered. He could no longer receive it either as a reliable witness of the truth, nor as a sure guide of moral conduct.

Consequently, he discarded not only the Bible, but all the systems of theology which men have built thereon, and resolved henceforth to act in all things according to his own highest convictions of truth, of right, and justice, without reference to Bible teachings.

Yet, being desirous to know the reasons upon which the so-called infidel writers grounded their adverse opinions of the merits of the book, he carefully read the works of Paine, Voltaire, Volney, Robert Taylor, and other noted authors of their class, thereby confirming the views which he had already formulated for himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN May, 1859, John Brown was in Boston, making secret preparations for his descent upon Harper's Ferry. He was raising money to pay for a supply of arms, which were in progress of manufacture for him in Connecticut. Chaplain Fisk was early introduced to him as a true friend of the anti-slavery cause by Mr. Garrison, and each soon recognized in the other a co-worker in the great cause of humanity and equal justice. They became intimate friends, and the chaplain accepted a cordial invitation to accompany Brown to his hotel, where he was deeply interested in Brown's accounts of the progress of events in Kansas and the adjoining borders of Missouri.

Brown, who had recently rescued eleven slaves from bondage in Missouri by force of arms, and had conducted them safely to the Canadian land of liberty, informed the chaplain that he had in contemplation an important movement in the agitation of anti-slavery principles, the nature of which he could not, at that time, make known to the public, for to advertise his plan of operations would be to defeat it in advance ; but

he could safely confess to the friends of the cause that his main object in coming to Boston was to procure a little more money, which would enable him to perfect his arrangements.

They held frequent interviews during the short time that Captain Brown remained in Boston; and, on the eve of Brown's departure for Ohio, Chaplain Fisk placed in his hand one hundred dollars, to aid him in his work of agitation, conjecturing in his own mind that Brown's intention was to conduct another party of slaves from Missouri to Canada. The captain expressed his heartfelt gratitude, and assured the chaplain that the money would be expended to the best advantage for the advancement of the anti-slavery cause.

As Brown turned to go, the chaplain requested his autograph, for preservation. The captain then tore a leaf from his memorandum book, and wrote upon it with a pencil:

John Brown,
North Elba, N. Y.

This he presented to the chaplain with a hearty "God bless you," and departed on his fatal mission. Chaplain Fisk heard nothing more from him until the following October, when the whole country was startled by the news of John Brown's armed attack at Harper's Ferry. The chaplain carefully preserved the auto-

graph for nearly thirty years, when he presented it, by request, to the Kansas Historical Society.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion, Chaplain Fisk was ordered to report for sea duty on board the *Powhattan*; but his religious views had undergone a radical change, and he could not preach to others doctrines which he did not believe himself. He said to Garrison and Phillips that, being no longer a Christian, he could not conscientiously resume the active duties of a chaplain in the navy. Besides, the most of the officers in the navy were at enmity against him, both on account of his extremely radical views upon the slavery issue, and of his interference with the navy discipline; and he would, therefore, resign his commission and retire to private life. But they counseled him to wait for a few days, and told him they would make an effort to obtain a countermand of the order. It would be better for him to be retired with a salary than to retire himself without.

In reply to this, the chaplain urged the apparent incongruity of drawing the pay of an officer, while evading the duties of the office. The country was engaged in war, and his motive would certainly be misconstrued if he should ask for a revocation of the order.

"Very likely," said Phillips, "but will not your motive be misconstrued in case you resign in time of war?"

"Yes, I am in a bad predicament upon all sides. I cannot, without hypocrisy, perform the duties of a chaplain; neither can I tender my resignation, or ask a revocation of the order, without laying my action open to unjust criticism. My resignation would be accepted; but there is serious doubt about the compliance of the Department with such a request. I would be more likely to be removed in disgrace than to be continued on waiting orders. The request would be unusual; and, even if it were granted, would it be right for me to draw money from the treasury for service which I decline to perform?"

"Certainly," replied Garrison, "it would be right, under the circumstances. You would only accept the position of a retired officer, to which your age and time of service will soon entitle you, according to the usual custom of the service. After devoting all the best years of your life to the naval service, which has precluded your attendance upon other and more remunerative business,—it would be injustice to yourself not to accept the liberal provision of the government for the support of your old age. You need not ask for anything; we will attend to that. You have only to wait until we hear from Washington. We will not ask for your continuance on waiting orders, but for indefinite leave of absence. Neither will we make any application at the Department, but write to Sumner, and he

will lay the matter before the President. There will be ample time to settle the whole question before the day on which you are required to report; and, if the President declines to interfere, you can resign if you wish."

They wrote to Senator Sumner, who called the attention of President Lincoln to the main facts in the naval experience of Chaplain Fisk, and requested a revocation of the order, with indefinite leave of absence, on the ground that he was nearly of the age to be retired. The President sent a brief note to the Secretary of the Navy; the order was countermanded, and Chaplain Fisk was granted leave of absence during his pleasure, with leave of absence pay.

He remained in Boston on leave of absence, dividing his attentions mainly between his books, his friends, and the needs of the destitute and unfortunate who were unable to provide for themselves, until about the year 1868, when, having reached, as he believed, the proper age for his retirement, he went to Washington, and filed in the Department his request to be placed upon the retired list. When inquired of concerning his age, he replied that he did not know with certainty how old he was, but he produced the *Missionary Herald*, containing the correspondence of Rev. Pliny Fisk to that magazine, in 1822, and referred them to the act of Congress by which his name was changed from Kavasales to Fisk.

Some of the navy officers of high rank, who had not entirely forgotten his former achievements in the field of navy discipline reform, were in favor of his discharge, with one year's pay. But there was nothing in the record of his long term of service which would justify such a proceeding; and, therefore, Chaplain Fisk was placed on the retired list with the relative rank of captain, to which, according to the usual custom, his long period of service entitled him.

He then returned to Boston, where he resumed the work of distributing his income for the relief of the destitute and infirm; but he had grown weary of the ceaseless hum of city life, and imagined that rural quietude would be more congenial to his wishes. He therefore purchased, in the town of Franklin, Mass., a farm of thirty-six acres, on which was a fine growth of wood covering several acres, and a large orchard of choice fruits. His house, containing fourteen rooms conveniently arranged, was in good condition and supplied with excellent water. The out-buildings were all that could be desired, and the farming implements, which he bought with the farm, were in good repair.

He put a furnace in the cellar and registers in all the rooms, to warm the house in winter, converted one of the apartments into a bath-room, fitted the house throughout with first-class furniture, including the best piano he could get, employed a competent housekeeper

to manage matters indoors, hired men to do the farm work, and settled down to agricultural pursuits.

The live stock on the farm consisted of two cats, half a dozen chickens, and a few woodchucks, which had burrowed in the fields. The trouble and expense of keeping a yoke of oxen and a couple of cows would be considerable, while the cost of hiring some neighboring farmer to do the little teaming that would be required on the place would be comparatively trifling; and the milk and cream to supply his table and kitchen would cost but a few dollars per year. Why, then, should he trouble himself and his help with the care of horses and cattle? He therefore hired teams to do his ploughing and other team work, and purchased the required butter, cream, and milk from the neighboring farms.

Soon after he purchased the farm, officials of the town of Franklin, regardless of his protest, turned a troublesome stream of water from the highway into his fields. By the advice of eminent counselors-at-law, he commenced a suit for damages against the town; and, after a long and expensive experience in litigation, the case was decided in favor of the said Photius Fisk. He had again triumphed over wrong; but, in this case, it was a wrong imposed upon himself.

His hospitable doors were opened alike to all, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition. The

poor and lowly were as cordially received, and as sumptuously entertained, as were the highest in the intellectual, social, and financial scale. Both classes were often represented at his bountiful table at the same time. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Weld, James Redpath, Parker Pillsbury, and many others of distinction, were visitors at his rural retreat.

To him it was more blessed to give than to sell. He sold nothing whatever from the produce of the farm. He had plenty of poor neighbors, among whom he distributed his hay, corn, grain, potatoes, etc., according to their needs. He carefully packed his apples, pears, peaches, and berries, and sent them as free gifts to various charitable institutions and anti-slavery friends in Boston and other places. He also gave to some of the poor people of the town permission to cut as much wood from his wood-lot as they might need for winter use. They, of course, selected the best and most thrifty trees as being best adapted for their use, greatly impairing the value of his wood-lot.

Finally, after two years of hard work, the chaplain discovered that farming was not, after all, so remunerative a kind of business as had been represented; besides, both Garrison and Phillips had often counseled him to sell the place. Consequently, after due deliberation, he decided to avail himself of the benefit of their worldly wisdom, and advertised the farm for sale.

At length appeared a customer, who purchased the farm for less money than Chaplain Fisk had paid for the same property. He sold his piano; removed his furniture and carpets to Boston, and gave them to charitable institutions in the city; presented his chickens to a kind-hearted neighbor in Franklin, on condition that they should not be killed; and bestowed his two cats, Topsy and Topsina, upon some of his anti-slavery friends in Boston, thus bringing his farming enterprise to a successful close.

Having gained sufficient knowledge of the philosophy of agricultural industry, Chaplain Fisk again became a resident of Boston, and resumed the work of praying in dollars and cents for the relief of the destitute and unfortunate. He secured rooms and board at the Adams House, dividing his time between the needy, the daily papers, Wendell Phillips, and other friends.

Reading in the papers an account of the rescue of two men who had drifted to sea in a small boat from Portsmouth Harbor by the captain and crew of the *White Rover*, he suggested to Phillips that such a noble act of heroism ought to be handsomely rewarded, and that he was ready to contribute something to encourage the humane efforts of such men, and inquired in whose hands he could safely intrust the money. Phillips informed him that a Portsmouth man, Mr. J. P. Bartlett, was lecturing on Shakspeare in Boston, and was tempo-

rarily stopping at the Adams House, and that any money committed to his care would be paid to them. Phillips kindly introduced him to his fellow-boarder, and the chaplain placed his generous contribution for the crew in the hands of Mr. Bartlett. In acknowledgment of the liberal donation, the following appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, published in Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 28, 1870:—

“PORTSMOUTH, January 27.

“EDITORS DAILY CHRONICLE:

“*Gents*,—I take this method of making known the noble and generous action of Photius Fisk, of Boston, who has handed me the sum of one hundred dollars for the benefit of the brave and humane men at the Shoals, who periled their lives to save two fellow beings exposed to certain death in their little boat on the stormy and fearfully cold night of Sunday last. Their names are Captain Ephraim Henry Downs, William Robinson, Henry Cate, George Seeley, Josiah Haley, and Charles Gardiner.

“Mr. Fisk has spent a large portion of his life among sailors, and is now upon the retired list of chaplains in our navy. He is a Greek by birth, and was educated in this country; and is a man full of the warmest sympathy for the distress of his fellow men. He directed me to divide the above sum among the brave men. Conveying his warmest love and appreciation of their noble heroism, he hopes that his action will be followed by others to whom the case is known.

“Yours,

“J. P. BARTLETT.”

"[And we, too, hope that others will follow Mr. Fisk's lead, and aid in giving to the crew of the *White Rover* a substantial token of appreciation of their self-sacrificing humanity. No one but a sailor, and one who has himself battled for his life with the winds and the cold, can fully appreciate the action of those men in leaving a safe anchorage on such a day to succor others; but every one can form some faint idea of what they deliberately faced, by remembering what the day was on shore. We consider their act as truly deserving the name of heroic as any performed by the soldier 'in the deadly breach,' or by the physician in the pestilence smitten city.

"Rev. Mr. Fisk, himself an ocean rover, has been prompt to express his sense of their bravery and humanity, and we do not doubt that the example so well set by him will be followed by others. No more fitting person to take charge of any donations can be found than the gentleman selected by Mr. Fisk; and we state with confidence—though without his authority—that Mr. Bartlett will be pleased to receive and distribute any moneys which may be handed to him for that purpose, by those who think that bravery exhibited in the cause of humanity should not go unrewarded.

—EDITORS CHRONICLE.]"

In the spring of 1871, desiring to make the tour of Europe, and especially to re-visit Greece, Chaplain Fisk made preparations for his departure, intending to return to the United States by the way of India, China, and the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco. He withdrew

six thousand dollars from his deposits to defray his travelling expenses, and placed the remainder of his investments in the hands of his agent, Wendell Phillips, for safe keeping and judicious management during his absence, and also appointed Phillips to be sole executor of his will.

Everything being in readiness, Chaplain Fisk embarked on board the steamship *Tripoli* for Liverpool. On the Sunday following, the captain of the steamer, knowing him to be a chaplain in the navy, courteously requested him to conduct the ceremony of divine service; but the chaplain, thanking him for the kind invitation, politely declined the honor, on the ground that his views relating to the doctrines and ceremonials of religion were modified by counter evidence and more mature reflections; and that he could not consistently promulgate doctrines concerning the truth of which he was himself in doubt. The captain himself read the form of service from the ritual, while the chaplain remained an attentive listener.

A few days later Chaplain Fisk arrived in Liverpool, where he occupied the time of two days in looking about the city. Proceeding by rail to London, he remained in that city five days, visiting points of historical, political, and religious interest, and collecting large photographs and engravings of the most notable buildings and public resorts.

From London he went to Dover, intending to cross the English Channel and pay his respects to Paris ; but the Franco-Prussian war was then in progress, and all foreigners entering France were suspected of being spies or emissaries of Germany. He therefore varied his line of travel to Ostend, in Belgium, and visited Brussels, Munich, Cologne, and other cities in the German Empire.

Reaching Brindisi, in Italy, he made his way to Corfu, Cephalonia, and Zante, islands of the Ionian group. From Zante, the native island of his early friend and schoolmate, Anastasius Karavelles, he went to Corinth and to the island of Egina, upon which Count John Capodistria, President of Greece, had landed him from the Russian frigate *Hellene*, nearly fifty years before.

After viewing with deep interest the partly standing, partly fallen ruin of the once majestic temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, which crowns the summit of the isle of Egina, and which by several centuries antedates all other temples of antiquity upon the soil of Greece, he bid farewell to the beautiful gem of the Archipelago, and soon landed at Piræus, the Athenian seaport.

Proceeding by rail to Athens, about five miles distant from Piræus, he remained a week in that city, employing the time in daily visits to the wondrous ruin of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, temples of

Minerva (Pallas, Athene,)), which adorned the brow of the Acropolis four centuries before the star of Bethlehem announced the sunset of the ancient civilization, and ushered in the long and dismal night of mental darkness, of religious persecution, and of moral degradation, known as "The Dark Ages." Those models of architectural strength and beauty, masterpieces of the hand of Phidias, had withstood the earthquakes and the storms of ages, to attest the greatness and the grandeur of the Athens of ancient days.

With mingled feelings of admiration, of interest, and of awe, Chaplain Fisk surveyed the sacred structures of antiquity, where, doubtless, his progenitors of ancient time had offered sacrifices to the gods and bowed in adoration at the shrine of the goddess Athene, the tutelary deity of Athens, from whom the city derived its name. The Parthenon, massive and grand in its entirety, and symmetrical in all its details and proportions, was built of Pentelic marble, and was completed in the third year of the eighty-fifth Olympiad. It contained the statue of the goddess, which was made of ivory and profusely adorned with gold. It was thirty-nine feet high, and, like the temple itself, was the work of Phidias. The Erechtheum, of smaller dimensions, has the appearance of a dependency or adjunct of the more imposing Parthenon. It was built upon the scene of a contest of Athene and Neptune (Poseidon), for the protectorate of the city.

According to the ancient fable, there was high debate between Athene and Poseidon, each claiming the especial care and protection of the city, which was endeared to both. Their dispute was witnessed by the assembled gods, who decreed, in solemn council, that the prize should be awarded to the one who should bestow upon the mortal race the most useful gift. Poseidon smote the rock with his trident, and produced the horse. Athene touched the ground with her spear, and the olive tree sprung forth. Another council of the gods was called, which, after due deliberation, decided that the olive was the most useful gift, and awarded the protectorate of the city to Athene. The sacred olive, from which all succeeding olive trees descended, grew in the centre of the chamber of Pandrosos, and three depressions in the rock, the marks of Poseidon's trident, are still to be seen beneath the pavement.

Dr. Wordsworth says of the Erechtheum: "This temple had not merely a religious, but a moral character, serving, as it were, as mediator between the two rival deities, Athene and Poseidon, to reconcile them to each other, and to endear Athens to both."

CHAPTER IX.

RETURNING to Piræus, the chaplain sailed for the island of Syra, where he met, after a separation of more than half a century, with his foster brother, Anastasius Karavelles. He found his friend surrounded by an interesting family and in comfortable circumstances. Their meeting was a joyous one to both; and, after hearty greetings and expressions of delight, they found no lack of subjects for interesting conversation. The chaplain spoke to him in Maltese, but Anastasius shook his head; he had forgotten the language, with which he had been familiar in his boyhood.

Bidding adieu to the friend of his early life, he went to Chio, to Smyrna, and to Constantinople. In the latter city he tarried about two weeks, visiting various points of interest in the town and its vicinity, and paying his respects to the Black Sea, on board a small steamer that was plying back and forth on the Bosphorus.

Returning to Athens, his attention was first attracted to the remains of the great temple of Jupiter Olympus, situated in the centre of a large square upon

the plain of Athens, about ten miles distant from the Acropolis. Originally it consisted of one hundred and twenty-four columns, each of which was six feet and four inches in diameter, and fifty-five feet in height, standing upon a rectangular platform, three hundred and fifty-four feet in length, by one hundred and seventy-one feet in breadth, and supporting an architrave, the marble beams of which are estimated to weigh more than twenty tons each. It was seven hundred years in process of construction, and was not completed until after the Apostle Paul stood upon the Areopagus and suggested to the Athenian people that they were "too superstitious." Of the one hundred and twenty-four columns but sixteen remain, and one of them lies prostrate upon the ground. The rest were converted into lime, or applied to other uses, during the Turkish occupation of seven hundred years.

He also visited the temple of Theseus, the smallest but best preserved of the Athenian temples, which was erected in honor of the founder of the city. This temple is also situated upon the plain of Athens, about as far from the Parthenon as is the temple of Jupiter Olympus, but in the opposite direction, the three standing nearly in line with each other. From Athens, he found his way to the ruins of the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, where the sacred oracle proclaimed the will of heaven to the ancient Greeks.

Early in the fall of 1871, he sailed from the Gulf of Corinth to Corfu, to Venice, and to Brindisi, and traveled through Italy, visiting Rome, Florence, Milan, Trieste, Pisa, Leghorn, Genoa, Naples, and other places of note. While in Naples, he received intelligence of the great fire in Chicago, and immediately cabled to Wendell Phillips, "Do for Chicago as I would do." Accordingly Phillips contributed liberally to the relief fund, in the name of Mr. Fisk. His intention was to travel in Egypt during the winter; but he met in Naples a genial and persuasive gentleman from Athens, who prevailed upon him to return to Athens, and spend the winter and his money among his own people. On his arrival in Athens, he wrote immediately to Anastasius Karavelles, and in due time received from him the following reply:—

SYRA, the 26 November, 1871.

"DEAR PHOTIUS:

"I received with the greatest pleasure your portrait and the Park Street views. I am very sad that I have not been able to fulfil my promise to you to go to Athens. I am a slave to a miserable salary, and consequently not free to do according to my wishes. We are not brothers by necessity, but by our own choice and circumstances. We left Malta when boys together, and with the same hopes ventured the great ocean of chance to find a home and happiness. Fortunately, we are both safe from the danger of destitution in this life.

We had the happiness to see each other, separated as we had been by oceans. We may see each other again,—God knows. The early impressions of our boyhood have been indelibly fixed upon our minds and hearts. We have loved each other truly and fraternally. My dear Photius, remember me ever, as I will remember you. If idolatry is a sin, I will commit that sin in remembering you always; and, seeing your portrait, I will love you sincerely to the end of my life.

“Mrs. Karavelles and my children desire to unite with me in expressing their sincere thanks to you for the love you bear to me, and participate in this proffered love. Please write to me how long you intend to remain in Athens, and if you intend to come again to Syra.

“I remain yours, truly and sincerely,

“A. KARAVELLES.”

In December, 1871, Chaplain Fisk re-visited Hydra, the island of his nativity, and soon found his way to the dwelling of his cousin, to whom he had introduced himself, in 1844. Finding her in unfavorable circumstances financially, he afforded her generous assistance; and after a pleasant reunion, he returned to Athens, where he found a good field for the exercise of his characteristic benevolence during the winter months.

Early in the spring of 1872, he journeyed to the battle-fields of Marathon, Thermopoylæ, Plataea, and other memorable battle-fields of ancient and modern

Greece, and visited Sparta, Missolonghi, and many other points of historical and commercial interest.

He passed the summer in travels through Sicily, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and France. In the fall, he took passage at Brindisi on board a steamer to Malta, where he remained through the winter. While in Malta, he was informed of the great fire in Boston, and immediately cabled to Phillips an order to contribute liberally from his funds for the relief of the sufferers by the fire.

In May, 1873, perceiving that a great financial crash in the United States was impending, he abandoned his original intention to proceed around the world, and packed his baggage to return by the western route. He had gathered, in his travels through Europe, a large collection of pictures and other works of art, besides relics of antiquity, curiosities, marine shells, mineral specimens, and European coins, with which he desired to enrich his cabinet in Boston. He was already in possession of a fine cabinet of minerals, which he had gathered in South America and in the United States.

Everything being in readiness, he embarked on board a steamer bound for Liverpool, touching at Gibraltar on the passage. At Liverpool, he secured transportation for himself and his collection on board the Cunard steamer *Siberia*, to Boston, where he arrived in due time, and resumed the management of his affairs,

including the distribution of his income among the destitute and the infirm.

But the liberality of Chaplain Fisk was not exclusively restricted to the relief of the needy living, for he also contributed largely to perpetuate the memory of the brave men who suffered imprisonment and violence at the hands of the slavocracy, for the crime of rescuing human beings from the bonds of slavery, and conveying them to the Canadian land of liberty.

He contributed liberally for the monument erected by the Anti-Slavery Society to the memory of Rev. Charles T. Torrey, who was convicted of the crime of aiding the escape of slaves from bondage to their masters, and was incarcerated under a long-term sentence in the prison at Baltimore, Md. The following paragraph from the oration of Hon. Parker Pillsbury, at the unveiling of the monument erected by Chaplain Fisk to the memory of Captain Jonathan Walker, in 1878, is a clear and concise statement of the facts in the case:—

“But Captain Walker suffered not alone. While he was enduring a thousand deaths in that Florida dungeon, Missouri State prison had three men whose sentence was twelve years each, for just the same offence,—attempting to aid slaves in their escape to liberty; Kentucky had one man confined for fifteen years, and one women for two years! Two or three

of these, when arrested, were theological students, studying for the Christian ministry. Rev. Charles T. Torrey was already a Congregational minister, but he died in his cell, while the others lived to be set at liberty. Even the prayer of his beautiful wife, that he might be liberated to die in her arms, was spurned and denied. Only his dead body was returned to his home. But that, let me assure this audience, had honorable burial in Boston, though not from its churches; for their doors, with monstrous inhumanity, were kept closed against it, in most indecent deference to slavery. But it now rests in Mount Auburn, and a handsome monument, in the rearing of which Chaplain Fisk was a generous contributor, marks and guards the martyr's grave."

Captain Drayton was captured on the Potomac River with eighty slaves on board his vessel. He was convicted of the crime in Washington, D. C., and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He served out the full term of the sentence and was set at liberty; but the slave power was clamorous for his re-arrest and trial upon another count. But he was secreted by his friends, and, with the aid of Charles Sumner, sent by the "underground railroad" to Canada. He afterwards returned to the United States, and died in New Bedford, Mass., where his remains were interred, and a beautiful monument was erected to his memory by the liberality of Chaplain Fisk.

He also erected beautiful slabs of marble, properly inscribed, at the graves of the dear friends and benefactors of his youth, Deacon Loomis and his wife, who were buried in the cemetery at Winchester, Conn., and a granite monument at the grave of Henry C. Wright, a prominent agitator in the anti-slavery cause, and a personal friend and classmate of Pliny Fisk at Dartmouth College. This monument was erected in the cemetery at Swan Point, near Providence, R. I.

The following selections from the pamphlet entitled "The Man with the Branded Hand," by Parker Pillsbury, will tell the story of Captain Jonathan Walker, and of the erection of the monument to his memory, by the munificence of Photius Fisk.

"Jonathan Walker was born on a farm in Harwich, Mass., March 22, 1799, where he lived with his parents until 1816, when he became a sailor boy. All went well with him for about two years, at which time he became very sick, while on a voyage in the Indian Ocean, and, for some unaccountable reason, was landed and left in a bamboo hut, without friends or those with him who understood his language. After regaining his health, he resumed and continued his sailor life until 1835, with an occasional interruption, when on shore employed in a shipping yard. At the latter date, having become acquainted with Benjamin Lundy, he went with him to Mexico, for the purpose of assisting in the colonization of those who had escaped from American slavery.

"About two years afterward, while engaged near the Mexican coast, their small vessel accidentally ran aground, and, being discovered, they were shot at and robbed of everything, including the vessel. He afterwards built another small vessel, and engaged in the coasting trade along the shore of Alabama and Florida, at the same time assisting those of the slaves who might chance to come on board in obtaining their freedom. While making a voyage from Florida to the Bahama Islands, in 1844, with a number of such persons on board, he was overtaken, captured, and taken back to Florida, and put into jail. He was afterwards tried and convicted of slave stealing, was sentenced to be placed in the pillory, to be branded S. S. in the right hand with a hot iron, and pay a fine of six hundred dollars and cost of prosecution. Every portion of the sentence was carried into execution, including his detention in a miserable jail for about one year, in solitary confinement.

"This cruel treatment of Mr. Walker was the occasion of Whittier's immortal poem, 'The Branded Hand.' Having regained his freedom, Mr. Walker spent most of the time during the five succeeding years in lecturing on the subject of slavery; and, although he left the field as a lecturer at this time, his interest in the cause he espoused so early in life, and for which he spent his best energies, did not diminish in the least, until American slavery ceased to exist.

"In 1863, he purchased a few acres of land at Lake Harbor, Muskegon County, Michigan, upon which he soon after settled, and engaged in the cultivation of

small fruits. Here he continued to reside, and although affable and intelligent, was a quiet and unobtrusive old gentleman, beloved and respected by all of those who enjoyed the good fortune to form his acquaintance. His health continued good until the autumn of 1877, after which he gradually declined, the best medical skill seeming to be of no avail, and on the 30th of April, 1878, he quietly and peacefully died, at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years."

The following is from the address of Parker Pillsbury at the unveiling of the monument:—

"Let me give you part of his first letter to his wife after his capture by the slave-holders, then more fierce than the wildest savages of the woods. It is dated

"PENSACOLA, July 29, 1844.

"DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,—I am privileged by the mercy of God the Father, of writing to you once more, but not in the situation I would choose. About the time of my last letter I had arranged to take some passengers to Nassau, New Providence, a British island eastward from Cape Florida. On the 23d of June, I started with seven colored people, though quite unwell, as I had been for two days. On the sixth day out I did not expect to live another twenty-four hours, my disease being intermittent fever and internal canker; and such hot weather I never in my life saw before.

"We proceeded down the coast till July 8, when we were overhauled by a wrecker, the sloop *Catharine*, from Key West, and by force taken to that port. Then

I was carried before a justice of the peace, and thence to a jail, where I was kept four days. Then I was put down into the hold of a steamboat, among rubbish and filth, the heat being extreme, placed in heavy irons, both hands and feet, and kept six days, in which time the vessel steamed to Pensacola. There I was taken to court, and from thence again to jail, where I now am secured to a large ring-bolt by a chain made of half-inch iron, with a shackle around my ankle which weighs five pounds.' * * * [And Captain Walker repeatedly told his friends, after his release, that huge as was that shackle, it became nearly imbedded out of sight by the swelling of his limb! but he did not write that to his wife and children.]

"Jane, what will become of you and the children! I have lost all of the little I had here, and am confident that at this time you and the children are in want. Send to Fall River and get the little money due there, and do as well as you can. The Lord Jesus has been abundantly good to me in my afflictions; and I am sure he will accompany me through; for I cannot let him go. Dear wife and children, trust in him to aid you.'

"His aged father and mother were remembered in the same short letter. To them he wrote :

"Oh, my dear old father and mother, do not worry about me. I am in good spirits, and shall weather the storm.'

"Yes, and he did weather the storm. But little dreamed he then what a storm it was to be! When

captured he was too ill to walk, only as supported by two strong men; and only for the persistent determination of the sheriff, he would have been murdered by the exasperated crowd on his way to the prison.

"His cell was without a chair, bed, or table; and his only resting place was the floor,—foul, damp, and hard,—and twenty pounds of iron chain and shackle were actually *riveted*, as he told me, on his fevered and enfeebled limbs. But had they been cobwebs, he could not have escaped. The food furnished him even a healthy stomach could not and should not have borne. Only two days before he was committed, a poor slave cut his throat through to the bone, in that cell, to escape a worse death. And yet scarcely was he buried, his blood had not been washed from the floor, when it was found that he was innocent as an angel of the crime for which he had been doomed to die. Captain Walker had to sit down on that bloody floor.

"The sentence after trial was: one hour in the pillory, pelted with unmerchtable eggs; one year in prison for each slave, seven in all; six hundred dollars fine for each slave, and all the costs; and be branded on the right hand with a large double S, by a red-hot branding iron! All the bills for fines and costs were made to exceed a hundred thousand dollars. A boy who saw the eggs thrown cried *shame*, when a ruffianly wretch tore off a bandage which had been put on to protect the face of the victim. That boy was arrested, taken into another county, and fined for his heinous offence.

"The branding iron had to be made for the occasion.

One blacksmith refused to make it. He said he made such to be used on hogs, horses, and cattle, but not on men. Another was found to make it, but refused his forge to heat it, when it came to be used. He swore there was but one fire in the universe that should heat an iron for such a use! But at length all things were prepared. The instrument of inquisitorial torture and torment was sent broiling and hissing deep into the flesh of a hand that was ever open to succor the poor and the outcast, but never, no never, was once lifted in an unrighteous cause.

"Captain Walker called the letters 'the Seal, the Coat of Arms' of the United States. His friends raised seven hundred dollars, and sent down to an attorney to defend his suit. The lawyer, whose name was Blunt, *bluntly* pocketed the money, but kept away from the trial and out of the court house. The trial was in a United States court, and the name of the marshal at the time for the Florida District was Ebenezer Dorr, and a native of the State of Maine,—and willing to pimp and pander to the slave-holders. His bills and accounts were curiosities, but need not here be reproduced.

"An ancient philosopher said, 'It were far better that posterity should ask why I have not a monument, than why I have.' Probably all of us would say the same.

"My task to-day is done, and well done, if I have shown to my audience and to posterity with what good right the humble pillar we to-day unveil should guard the dust and hallow the name of Jonathan Walker.

"The War of the Rebellion having brought slavery to an end, many of those who belonged to the Old Guard, and who had battled manfully against this giant wrong, were partially forgotten, except by their immediate personal friends. Among these was Mr. Walker, his quiet, unostentatious mode of life not having kept him prominently before the people. He had not been forgotten, however, by his old friend, Rev. Photius Fisk, of Boston, Mass. Soon after Mr. Walker's death, on learning that his relatives were unable to erect a suitable monument to his memory, he generously offered to do this at his own personal expense. When this became known at Muskegon, a meeting of the friends of Mr. Walker was convened, and a committee, consisting of Judge M. L. Stephenson, Rev. F. E. Kittredge, and Messrs. Joshua Davies, William Jones, and Daniel Upton, was appointed for the purpose of receiving the proposed monument, and for arranging for its unveiling with appropriate ceremonies on the occasion.

"The monument arrived safely at Muskegon in due time, and was carefully placed in position on the grave of Mr. Walker, in accordance with the wishes of the generous donor. The first day of August — the emancipation day of the West Indies — was selected as the day on which the reception and unveiling of the monument were to take place, and the committee were untiring in their efforts to make the occasion an interesting one, and happily their exertions were crowned with abundant success. The day was bright and auspicious, and the attendance of people was the largest ever seen in Muskegon. The following report of the

exercises which took place on the occasion appeared in the *Muskegon Chronicle*, of August 2, 1878 :—

“ ‘ A HERO HONORED.

“ ‘ Perhaps no event that has ever transpired in Muskegon has attracted so many people of intelligence and culture together as did the ceremony of unveiling the monument recently erected to the memory of Captain Jonathan Walker by Rev. Photius Fisk, of Boston. One would naturally suppose the anti-slavery question,—which has, by the march of events and the accomplishment of the purpose which brought the movement into existence, viz., the abolition of slavery, become to some extent a question of the past, and has been superseded by other, not more vital, but more recent questions of human progress and development,—would hardly attract the general public; but the events of yesterday proved the opposite to be the case. The great doctrine of human equality is so deeply imbedded in the hearts of the Northern people, and the maintenance of the principles involved in this doctrine have cost so much suffering, and blood, and treasure, that any circumstance that calls to mind the days when to advocate human equality meant peril and suffering, touches a chord that readily responds. Hence, when it was announced that the memory of Jonathan Walker, the old hero, who had periled himself for the good of his down-trodden fellow-men, who had acted up to his convictions of principle in the face of the popular outcry against him, was to be honored, the pulse of the people quickened, and they said, We will do him honor; and

they did, by turning out on yesterday to the number of about six thousand people, and spending the day in commemoration of the events which have rendered the life of Jonathan Walker famous.

“At an early hour in the morning the streets of the city put on a holiday appearance, and people began to pour in from the surrounding country. The Goodrich steamer from Chicago arrived about 9 o'clock, and brought about five hundred people from Chicago and Grand Haven; and at near 11 an excursion train of six cars, from Allegan and intervening points, arrived, crowded with people. A little before 12 M., the procession formed in front of the Opera House, on Western Avenue. It was nearly one mile in length, and yet a large proportion of the people in attendance were not in the line, a great many having gone to the cemetery in advance. The procession moved down Western Avenue to Terrace Street, then up Terrace to the cemetery.

“The following were the officers of the day: President, Hon. H. H. Holt; Marshal, A. B. Miner; Assistant Marshals, F. L. Reynolds, O. B. Jones; Chaplain, Rev. F. E. Kittredge; and they succeeded in conducting the ceremonies in a very creditable manner. Below is a brief description of the Walker monument, as it stands in our cemetery to-day:

“It is 10 feet high above the foundation, and stands on a base which is sunk to a depth of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet in the ground, and stands 5 inches above the surface, making the total height of the monument above the surface 10 feet 5 inches. The base is 3 feet square. The mate-

rial of which it is composed is Hallowell granite, from Maine; and it was donated by Rev. Photius Fisk, of Boston, who also paid the transportation to this city. It has the following inscription on the south face:

This Monument is erected
To the Memory of
Capt. Jonathan Walker,
by his anti-slavery friend,
Photius Fisk,
Chaplain of the
United States Navy.

“On the eastern face of the shaft is the following:

Walker's Branded Hand.



“On the upper base, same side, is the following:

Jonathan Walker,
Born in Harwich, Mass.,
March 22, 1799;
Died in Lake Harbor, Muskegon
Co., Mich., April 30, 1878.

“On the north side is the following quotation from Whittier's poem:

‘Then lift that manly right hand,
Bold ploughman of the wave,
Its branded palm shall prophesy
Salvation to the slave.
Hold up its fire-wrought language,
That whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him,
His sinews changed to steel.’

“Yesterday the ladies of the Ladies' Cemetery Association had taken a good deal of trouble to decorate the portion of the cemetery in the vicinity of the monument in a very tasteful manner. On the monument was a wreath of evergreens, and on the west side was a beautiful anchor made of myrtle; just to the west of the monument, and at the head of the grave, was a sheaf of ripened wheat, symbolizing the fact that Captain Walker had completed his labors, and had been gathered home at a ripe old age. On each corner of the lot was a beautiful pyramid of flowers, and over the grave were festoons and baskets of flowers, while at the head of the grave was an elegantly wrought evergreen cross and crown. The monument was veiled with the stars and stripes, and remained so till the unveiling ceremony took place. The following was the order of exercises at the cemetery:

“Music by the choir; prayer by the chaplain; reading of letters from John G. Whittier and Fred Douglass, by A. J. Grover; reading of “The Branded Hand,” by Mr. C. J. Chaddock; music by the band, during which the monument was unveiled; oration by Hon. Parker Pillsbury, followed by other speakers; music by the choir; benediction.

“A neat stand had been erected on the west side of the cemetery and facing the Walker monument, for the accommodation of the speakers and reporters; and the people gathered about this, and protected themselves from the heat of the sun as best they could, by the use of umbrellas and under the protecting branches of the few trees scattered about.

"WHITTIER'S LETTER.

'OAK HILL, DANVERS, 6 mo. 21, 1878.

'Hon. H. H. HOLT:

'*Dear Friend*,—Immediately on receiving thy letter announcing Captain W.'s death, I sent it to Garrison, with the suggestion that we should take measures for a monument. He came out to see me, and informed me that Rev. Photius Fisk, late chaplain in the United States Navy, had volunteered to give the monument himself. I presume it will not be ready so soon as the 4th of July. I don't think I could write anything without repeating my former poem on same subject. I think Garrison would write something, if requested. He tells me that the monument will be a costly and handsome one. I hope the occasion of its erection will be one of great interest in your place.

'Thine truly,

'JOHN G. WHITTIER.'

"Everybody seemed anxious to hear what the venerable Fred. Douglass would have to say on this occasion, and many had doubtless come expecting to see him and hear him speak; therefore, the interest was intense when it was announced that Mr. Grover would now read Douglass' letter.

" 'UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, }
' WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., July 15, 1878. ' }

'MY DEAR MR. FISK: I am reminded by a letter from our valued friend, Parker Pillsbury, that I have not yet written an answer to your letter inviting me to

be present in Muskegon, Mich., on the 1st of August, and assist at the unveiling of the monument which you have nobly caused to be erected over the dust of the late Jonathan Walker. I deeply regret that my duties and appointments will compel me to decline your esteemed invitation.

‘Yes, I knew Jonathan Walker, and knew him well,—knew him to love him, and to honor him as a true man, a friend to humanity, a brave but noiseless lover of liberty, not only for himself but for all men; one who possessed the qualities of a hero and martyr, and was ready to take any risks to his own safety and personal ease to save his fellow-men from slavery. It is meet and right that one who was such as he was should have his grave marked as you propose. His name deserves remembrance, and should be mentioned with those of John Brown, Charles T. Torrey, William L. Chaplin, Elijah P. Lovejoy, Thompson, Work, and Barr, Calvin Fairbanks, Abraham Lincoln, and other noble men who suffered at the hands of the slave power. Jonathan Walker is not less entitled to grateful memory than the most honored of them all. He was one who felt satisfied with the applause of his own soul. What he attempted was not intended to attract public notice. He was on the free, dashing billows of the Atlantic when the voices of Nature spoke to his soul with the grandest emphasis of love and truth; and, responsive to those voices, as well as to those of his own heart, he welcomed the panting fugitives from slavery to the safety of his deck,—though in doing so he exposed himself to stocks, prison, branding irons,

and it might have been to death. I well remember the sensation produced by the exhibition of his branded hand. It was one of the few atrocities of slavery that roused the justice and humanity of the North to a death struggle with slavery. Looking into his simple, honest face, it was easy to see that on such a countenance as his no trace of infamy could be made by stocks, stripes, or branding irons. "S. S." meant at the South, Slave Stealer, but was read by the North and all civilized men everywhere as Slave Saviour. His example of self-sacrifice nerved us all to more heroic endeavor in behalf of the slave.

'My dear sir, I feel it a great deprivation that I cannot be personally present with you on the 1st of August and assist in the ceremonies in honorable memory of true-hearted Jonathan Walker, but I shall be with you in spirit and in purpose.

'Very truly yours,

'FRED'K DOUGLASS.'

"Mr. C. J. Chaddock then read Whittier's celebrated poem entitled 'The Branded Hand.'

"Next followed the leading feature of the occasion, which was the address of Hon. Parker Pillsbury.

"It was a masterly effort, and was delivered in a remarkably effective manner." But want of space prohibits the reproduction of the full text of the oration in these pages. His concluding remarks, well worthy of the orator and of the occasion, were as follows :—

'But I detain you too long. Let me only say, in

closing, we have good reason to hope and to believe that the record of what we do here to-day will become part of the history of this now great and growing nation. The monument we uncover at this hour is composed of the best granite of New England, the oldest basic rock which underlies and underpins the globe, and, untouched by disaster, it will stand in beauty ages and ages of time.

‘May this nation, purified from all its oppressions, redeemed and regenerated from all its slaveries, and re-created, in deed and truth a land of liberty,—may this nation survive as long !

‘This monument is reared by an adopted American Abolitionist to the memory of another Abolitionist, heroic and faithful son of the sea, born by the sea, in the old Bay State. Forty years ago the name Abolitionist was below every name. To-day, who, especially in the Northern and Western States, is not proud to be known as an Abolitionist, or the son of an Abolitionist ? The blood of Lovejoy and Torrey ; the fiery baptism of Jonathan Walker ; the prostrate body of Sumner, felled to the floor of the Senate chamber by the murderous bludgeon of slavery ; and, last of all, the gallows of the immortal John Brown, now sacred as Calvary’s Cross,—all these have hallowed the name of Abolitionist forevermore !’

CHAPTER X.

IN 1879, Chaplain Fisk again visited Salem, his first landing place in the United States,—his Plymouth Rock, as he designated it; and, desiring to erect there some lasting and appropriate testimonial of his regard for the place, he purchased a large lot in the cemetery at Harmony Grove, on which he placed a beautiful monument of Scotch granite; and, when it was completed, he conveyed the whole in legal form to the Salem Orphans and Children's Friend Society. In acknowledgment of this munificent donation, the following appeared in one of the daily papers of the day:—

“Rev. Photius Fisk, whose memory of his own early orphanage prompts him to deeds of kindness for those similarly situated, has lately presented a lot and monument in the Harmony Grove Cemetery, for the Orphans and Children's Friend Society, with a request that the grounds shall be kept in good condition.”

To this request Mr. Fisk received the following reply:—

“SALEM, June 10, 1879.

“REV. PHOTIUS FISK: Yours of June 9 is at hand, and I am happy to assure you of the entire satisfaction of the Society in the lot, the monument, and the letter-

ing ; and more than this, in behalf of the Board, I am authorized to say that your wishes in regard to the care of the lot shall be faithfully carried out, arrangements having been already made by which the good order and condition of the same are permanently secured. I presume that before this you have received from our secretary, Miss Brown, a full expression of the gratitude and delight of the ladies in the receipt of this noble gift, which appears to us now to have been the one thing needful to round out and complete our beloved institution. With renewed thanks for this munificent bequest,

“Yours very respectfully,

“Mrs. C. W. RICHARDSON,

“*Treasurer.*”



WM. S. BAILEY.

William Shreve Bailey, of Newport, Ky., was one of the brave few who dared to openly advocate anti-slavery principles in the slave-holding States before the war of the Rebellion, and who, in consequence of their heroic efforts in the cause of universal freedom and equality of legal rights, suffered personal violence and destruction of property at the hands of infuriated pro-slavery mobs. He fearlessly denounced the system of slavery as being detrimental to the interests and the welfare of all sections of the country, but more especially pernicious to the Southern States, where its demoralizing tendencies and methods were in practical operation, holding one race of the people in hopeless, abject servitude, and transforming another into petty tyrants, having little regard for either liberty or justice for any other than themselves.

He had established in Newport an anti-slavery newspaper, entitled *The Free South*, bearing on its front the motto, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout all the Land, unto all the Inhabitants Thereof!" Through the columns of *The Free South*, he urged with accent that chattel slavery was not only inhumane, unjust, and oppressive to the enslaved, but was enervating and degrading in its influence upon the more intelligent and energetic race; and that so long as chattel slavery should exist among them, so long would the white race continue to regard honest labor as a mark of abasement

and humiliation, and so long would Southern enterprise confine its operations to those branches of industry which could be successfully carried on with slave labor.

Attributing the almost total want of manufacturing and mining industries, and the general stagnation of commercial enterprise, with the consequent adverse conditions of the Southern States, to the restraints imposed by the slavery system, he declared that chattel slavery was the only serious obstruction in the way of the development of the vast material resources of the South ; and that the abolition of the system, and the substitution of free labor in its place, would insure the general industrial and commercial prosperity of their section.

His aim was not to offend, but to convince the people of the South that slavery was standing in the way of their advancement, and ought, therefore, to be abolished. But such radical and dangerous sentiments could not be tolerated upon Southern soil. He was gaining among the non-slave-holding portion of the people many converts to his noxious theory, and must be silenced, or slavery would become unpopular even in the Southern States.

Consequently, since his enemies were not able to refute his arguments in fair debate, with truth and justice both upon his side, nor to restrain the unreserved expression of his honest thoughts by threats, they fixed

a temporary brake upon his pen by the destruction of his printing press and by the burning of his property. His patriotic efforts to redeem their section from its blighting curse were met with outrage by the howling mob, and with persecution through the law. The following outline of events, written by Mr. Bailey himself, will clearly illustrate the nature of his efforts and the results upon himself:—

APPEAL

OF WM. S. BAILEY, OF NEWPORT, KENTUCKY,
TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE
IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

“Although I have already had many proofs of the kind sympathy of the British anti-slavery public, in my efforts to promote the cause of freedom in Kentucky and other slave-holding States, my present exigencies are such that I hope to be excused in again appealing to them for sympathy and support. In order to do this with more effect, I have come over to England, and intend to devote a few weeks to making a few calls on British Abolitionists, corresponding with the known friends of the slave, and using such other means as may appear to be necessary for bringing my case before their favorable notice.

“It is now more than twenty years since I commenced business as an engine manufacturer at Newport, to which place I had been attracted by the facilities it afforded for work amongst the numerous steam vessels

moored in the Licking River for repairs during low water. Having, in February, 1850, acknowledged myself the writer of some anti-slavery articles in *The Newport News*, before I became its proprietor, I was attacked by a number of ruffians in my machine shop, assaulted, and received much injury at their hands; but they were speedily repulsed and driven off, by the aid of the mechanics in my employ. The proprietor of the *News* was so intimidated at that time that he gave up the paper, which I purchased, and carried on in the upper story of my manufactory; but the abolition sentiments to which I felt it my duty to give utterance so incensed the pro-slavery party, that I had another visit from a mob of the same character on the night of October 6, 1851, when my premises were set on fire and the manufactory, including the printing office, burnt to the ground. On this occasion I estimated my loss at \$16,000 (about £3,300), and the expense of rebuilding the printing office compelled me to run into debt, and mortgage my house and ground. Not having the means to re-establish the engine works, I devoted my attention exclusively to the printing business, carrying on the newspaper eventually under the title of *The Free South*, and issuing both a daily and weekly impression; increasing in number to five hundred of the daily, and three thousand of the weekly, a portion of which were circulated gratuitously in quarters where I thought them likely to be useful. During those years, I suffered much petty persecution, having my windows smashed and doors broken in, with various other annoyances, which I

endeavored to suffer patiently, avoiding needless provocation. This state of things continued, with some intermissions, till the month of October, 1859, when the outbreak at Harper's Ferry occurred, which my opponents turned to account as a new handle of persecution. A letter, asserted to have been intercepted at the post-office, was privately exhibited at Newport, bearing the signatures of John Brown, stamped with the Harper's Ferry postmark, and addressed to myself. This letter, I hardly need say, was an infamous forgery, implicating me, as it did, in the Harper's Ferry insurrection, and giving me instructions for the capture of the United States barracks at Newport, seizing the arms and turning them against the Government. So cleverly was this shameful fraud managed that some of my own friends were deceived by it; and in the excited state of the public mind at that time, it was no matter of surprise that another attack was made upon me, which took place on the night of October 28, 1859, and resulted in the demolition of my type, presses, etc., a great part of which were thrown into the Ohio River, causing me a loss of about \$3,000. Many individuals of property and standing took part in the mob, and against some of the principal I commenced an action at law; but finding that I was not likely to obtain justice at Newport, I removed the suit to Cincinnati. No decision has yet been given, but I have great hope that if furnished with means to prosecute this suit, I shall obtain heavy damages for so flagrant breach of the law.

"I was unable to issue another paper till the 20th of

August, 1860, and, on the same day, was arrested on a charge of publishing an incendiary newspaper. The magistrates before whom my case was heard were both adherents of the pro-slavery party, and held me in a bond of \$1,000 to appear at the Circuit Court at Alexandria, which place, being further removed from the Free States, they judged better adapted for obtaining a conviction. I appeared before this court about the 1st of December last, but neither the evidence against me nor my defence being complete, the hearing was adjourned until the last Monday in May, 1861.

"Being now out on bail for a short time, I am desirous to make the best of my opportunity for obtaining funds to enable me, not only to defend myself against this criminal charge, but to prosecute the suit against the destroyers of my property, and, if possible, to re-establish my paper, which was never more needed in Kentucky than at the present time.

"The exposure of the wicked fraud of the forged letter has done much to open the eyes of the people to the real character of my opponents, and when I issued my paper in August last, two hundred and thirty-one citizens of Newport gave their names to a certificate, commending my course and my personal character, and denouncing the mob that destroyed my property; and later still, two hundred and sixty-eight votes were cast in Newport for President Lincoln, showing the upward tendency of the anti-slavery spirit around me. This, with the attitude Kentucky has taken against the secession movement, will, I think, be viewed in a favorable light by my friends. They may also be encouraged

by the fact that, previous to the suppression of my paper, I had sixty slave holders on my list of subscribers, out of the number of one thousand residing in Kentucky and other slave-holding States.

"In conclusion, I may state that, for the sake of my anti-slavery principles, advocated faithfully in a slave State, I have been exposed to an amount of persecution hard for human nature to endure. I have lost nearly all the little property I had accumulated by a life of laborious industry. My family, who have stood by me nobly and fearlessly, have many times suffered the want of food and clothing. My character has been vilified in all manner of ways. I have been assaulted with the bowie knife, and repeatedly fired at, on one occasion a ball passing close to the head of my dear wife. I am at present the victim of legal persecution, the result of which is uncertain, and may amount to some years confinement in the penitentiary. But after all I have suffered, my chief desire is, to be enabled to stand my ground and re-establish my anti-slavery newspaper; and if in the end I should live to see the sacred cause of freedom advanced in Kentucky through my humble labors, I shall consider myself amply repaid for all my trials and sufferings on its behalf.

"WM. SHREVE BAILEY.

"March 27, 1861."

"ADDRESS OF WILLIAM S. BAILEY,

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF KENTUCKY.

"The cause, so far as made known to me by the mob on Friday night, October 28, when they carried off the

inside forms and destroyed them, was that they wanted a charter for a bank in Newport; and that the Legislature would not grant them one while my paper was printed there. But it is hardly likely that the Legislature of Kentucky will grant a bank charter to a party of house-breakers and sackers, to strengthen them in such fearful acts of violence.

"Not a word was spoken to me on the subject until the first night of the attack, the combination being a dead secret, unknown to me or any of my friends.

"The next day (Saturday, 29th), no excuse was offered, but a demand made to enter my office again, to carry off the remainder of my printing material. I expostulated with them, and told them it would be an injury to their own standing as men, a disgrace to the city of Newport, and no credit to the cause they espoused, viz., slavery; but all the pleadings of myself and family were in vain. They procured a heavy plank and battered in the door with the end of it, entered and took all they could get out, and left the house a perfect wreck.

"I never was a pro-slavery man, as some have reported since this last outrage upon me. I acted and voted with the Democratic party until I saw that it was acting with and encouraging the extension of slavery, and then I left it. Slavery never formed any part of my Democracy, and I trust it never will. I believe in liberty,—the freedom of speech and of the press. These my destroyers oppose.

"The mob party has proclaimed that my paper has not a subscriber in the Tenth Congressional District;

and in the next breath say that Republican clubs are being organized throughout Kentucky, and are gaining strength in Newport and Covington, to stop which *The Free South* must be destroyed. Oh Tyranny! thou with boasted 'intellect,' wide-spread 'influence,' and wealth, why tremble for your oppression before the untaught pen of a humble mechanic? Can you not withstand his simple truths so inelegantly told? Are your 'well-stored Christian minds' inadequate to fashion laws to defend a system you claim to be divine? And must you imitate the savage; grasp the pistol and bowie knife, and hold the lives of unarmed citizens in your hands, while you sack and pillage their houses, and destroy the printing-press, to gain your 'holy' ends? Shame upon the cowardly and ungallant action! The presses arrayed against me here with vindictive scorn and persecution have long since sunk to an ignominious grave; and you that have destroyed *The Free South* printing press must fall, alike dishonored and condemned.

"If we Kentuckians cannot discuss the merits or demerits of our own institutions, upon our own soil, and in our own way, there is no use in talking about liberty or law upon Kentucky soil. It is a question that belongs to the South rather than to the North, and non-slaveholders should be the last to raise a hand in defence of a system that brings pecuniary want and degradation upon them.

"WM. SHREVE BAILEY.

"NEWPORT, KY., Nov. 16, 1859."

While the mob were battering down the door of

Bailey's printing house, October 29, his daughter Ella put in a little artistic work which would have been worthy of the most renowned masters of the decorative art. When the attack was made upon the door, Ella was engaged in the upper story of the building, and being fully equal to the occasion, she seized a bucket of yellow ochre paint and distributed its contents liberally upon the heads of the surging, angry crowd below, one of the leaders of the mob getting the most of it. They broke in the door and hurried up stairs with the inquiry :

"Where is the man that threw the paint?"

"I am the man," replied the girl.

"It is a good thing for you that you are not a man," said one of the rioters.

' She retorted, "And it is a good thing for *you* that I am not a man."

The incident was immortalized in verse, through the medium of Cincinnati journals, and Mr. Hoyt, of New York, sent her a handsome silver-mounted revolver for use in future emergencies.

W. S. Bailey, being neither intimidated by this outbreak of violence nor disheartened by the loss of his printing office fixtures and materials, appealed for assistance to the friends of the anti-slavery cause. He immediately commenced making preparations to re-establish his printing office, and to resume the publication of *The Free South*.

In the meantime, the Legislature of Kentucky enacted a law prohibiting the printing or the circulating of anti-slavery literature in that State, under the penalty of not less than one nor more than five years imprisonment in the penitentiary. The law was approved March 3, 1860, and Bailey issued the next number of his paper on the 29th of the following August. He was arrested the same day and thrown into prison, upon the alleged validity of that law; but a friend came forward and gave bail, in the sum of \$1,000, for his appearance at court, to be holden in Alexandria, on the 27th of May, 1861.

While awaiting trial, he went to England, and also visited Canada, bearing testimonials and letters of introduction from Hon. S. P. Chase, Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, William Lloyd Garrison, George L. Stearns, Samuel E. Sewall, Frederick Douglas, and other prominent agitators of the cause of emancipation. His object in visiting these countries was to raise funds to defend himself in the suit against him; to prosecute the destroyers of his property; and to re-establish his paper in Kentucky.

He reached home, May 24, and presented himself for trial before the court on the 27th; but the prosecuting party not being ready to proceed, the suit was continued until the fourth Monday in November, 1861,

and his bond reduced to \$500. The indictment was quashed at the next term, and the case never came to trial.

After his return from England, he visited the Northern cities, appealing for financial aid to the friends of emancipation in the United States. Meetings were held in New York and other cities; subscriptions were taken, and sufficient money was raised to enable him to resume the publication of his paper; and prominent upon the list of the most liberal contributors to the fund was the name of Photius Fisk.

In 1864, being again ready for business, Bailey commenced, in Covington, Kentucky, the publication of a newspaper entitled *The Evening Leader*, which he issued regularly, surrounded by vindictive enemies, but supported by warm and influential friends, until about three years after the close of the Rebellion.

In the spring of 1868, he removed his office fixtures from Kentucky to Nashville, Tennessee, where he published a daily and two weekly papers in support of General Grant; but the Republicans of that section were neither numerous nor wealthy, and he was compelled to discontinue them after the election. He continued his printing business, however, issuing Republican circulars and gaining an honest living by job printing, until November 30, 1875, when the torch of the incendiary was again applied, and his printing house with all

its contents was totally destroyed. His loss by this fire was estimated at \$6,000; no insurance.

He then rebuilt upon the same lot of leased ground, covering the entire outside of the building with sheet iron and the roof with tin, to prevent incendiary work. He purchased upon credit \$1,000 worth of types of a Cincinnati firm of type founders, who deducted \$40 from the price as their contribution for his benefit, and five friends in Nashville subscribed \$50 each toward the payment of the balance. He also issued a circular to his friends, from which the following paragraphs are copied:—

“I have been trying, by close attention to business, to reinstate myself without calling upon old friends again. But the hard times coming on here made it impossible for me to meet the payments upon my types, paper, etc., and at this time I am living very scanty, working early and late. I had hoped to have rest and some recreation in my declining years, but this, so far, seems not to have been intended for me. However, I shall still continue to encourage friendship and social intercourse with the people North and South, where unpleasant feelings, on account of the war, have prevailed. I feel that it is due to us as free American citizens so to live, and I want to publish a paper to this effect.

“This base incendiarism brought sorrow and want to my door, but I still worked on, hopeful to keep up; for I saw that the few words spoken or written here in the cen-

tral Southern State were doing more good, when prudently spoken or written, than many words from Northern tongues or pens could do; and I sincerely pray that hundreds and thousands of good men and women may come here to this pleasant, genial clime, and upon this fertile soil and help me by good words and upright dealings with this people, that we may cause humanity to triumph and the poor to return thanks to God."

The manly courage, the indomitable will, the unwearied devotion to the cause of freedom, justice, and humanity, so grandly displayed in the character of William S. Bailey, and the persecutions which he had endured at the hands of those whom he sought to elevate and benefit, awakened the liveliest feelings of admiration and of sympathy in the mind of Photius Fisk. He sent Bailey substantial aid, with a promise to stand by him in his efforts to instruct and elevate the people of the Southern States.

Bailey was again established in the book and job printing business, but the great depression in all branches of industry and trade, resulting from the financial crash of 1873, made it impossible for him to cancel his obligations as they became due, and total failure seemed to him inevitable. The promise of Photius Fisk, however, was never made to be forgotten or neglected, and was, therefore, always as good as cash down.

He kept up a correspondence with Bailey, and for-

warded money to him as often as the calls of creditors were imperative, not in the form of loans, but in the form of free donations, for which he required no returns. To this timely and continuous aid of Chaplain Fisk, Bailey added the fruits of his own untiring industry, judicious business management, and frugal habits, and was enabled to discharge all his liabilities contracted to supply his office with stock and fixtures. The following is copied from a recent letter written by Mrs. Rebecca B. Wolfe, a daughter of William S. Bailey, who still continues the printing business at the old stand :

“I believe Mr. Sewall is still alive, but I have not heard from Seth B. Hunt since father’s death, and do not know whether he is in the land of the living or not. Both of the above gentlemen were good friends to father in all his troubles; but Mr. Fisk stuck to father like a brother, and to his children after him, and struggled hard to help save the office, which he had paid so much to keep up; and, thanks to Mr. Fisk, it is saved.

“R. B. WOLFE.”

CHAPTER XI.

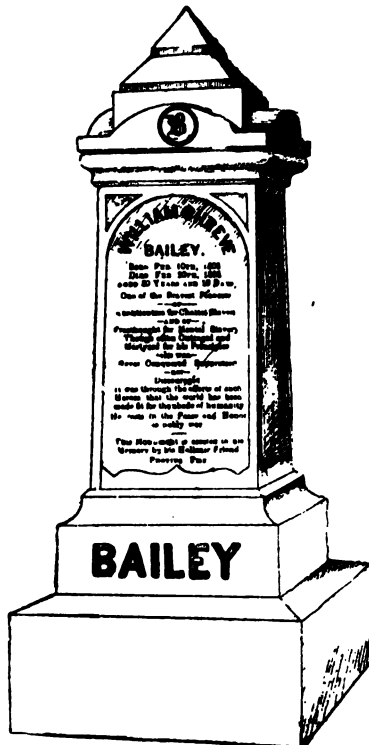
IN 1882, with the advice and encouragement of Chaplain Fisk, Bailey commenced the publication of a new paper, *The Liberal*, which was continued until after the death of its founder; but the people of the Southern States, impoverished by the war, and still further embarrassed by the general stagnation in business which followed the financial upheaval of 1873, did not attach their names in large numbers to his list of subscribers. The venture, therefore, was not remunerative; but with Chaplain Fisk at the head of the financial department, he was enabled to issue the paper regularly.

On the evening of February 20, 1886, William Shreve Bailey, after an illness of only three days, passed from the busy scenes of active life to his eternal rest, at the ripe old age of four score years and ten days. He died in full possession of his intellectual faculties, and firm in his adherence to the cause of individual freedom and the principles of equal justice. His life was passed in one continuous battle for the right against the wrong in political and social state: his death as tranquil as the setting of the evening star.

Said Dr. Thomas Foster, who delivered the eulogy over his remains :

“He played, during his career, a not inconspicuous part on the world's stage ; and while not perhaps great as common men measure greatness, nor yet loftily distinguished according to the popular gauge of eminence, that requires one to fit into old, well-worn, and often narrow ruts of thought and action in order to be esteemed, yet this may be truthfully said of him: that he was not a commonplace man; that in mind he was capacious, original, daring ; that his heart was kind ; that in purse he was generous, liberal almost to a fault, even amidst the embarrassments of his own comparative poverty. He was of the sturdy, John Brown order of men, who feared not the face of clay ; and now, after the fitful fever of a long existence, he sleeps well the sleep that knows no waking.”

On receipt of a telegram announcing the death of Bailey, his true-hearted, constant friend, Photius Fisk, immediately purchased in the beautiful Mount Olivet Cemetery, in Nashville, a burial lot, in which the remains were interred. He also erected thereon, to the memory of the brave defender of the rights of man, a handsome monument of granite, three feet and two inches square at the base and eight feet high.



The Inscription on the Monument
is as follows:

WILLIAM SHREVE BAILEY,
Born Feb. 10th, 1806. Died Feb. 20th, 1886.
Aged 80 Years and 10 Days.
One of the Bravest Pioneers
— of —
Abolitionism for Chattel Slavery
and of —
Freethought for Mental Slavery. Though often
Outraged and Martyred for his Principles,
— He was —
Never Conquered, Suppressed nor Discouraged.
It was through the efforts of such Heroes that the
world has been made fit for the abode
of Humanity.
He rests in the Peace and Honor so nobly won.
This Monument is erected to his Memory by
His Hellenic Friend,
PHOTIUS FISK.

This monument, erected to mark the resting-place and to perpetuate the memory of one of the world's self-sacrificing heroes in the cause of universal freedom from the bonds of physical and mental slavery, was erected September 9, 1886, and was entirely the contribution of Chaplain Photius Fisk, the sum of whose contributions for the promulgation of anti-slavery and free-thought principles, through the instrumentality of Wm. S. Bailey, cannot be definitely stated, since he never kept any account of his donations, but they must have amounted in the aggregate to several thousand dollars.

Chaplain Fisk had not forgotten his own experience in the acquirement of a liberal education under financial difficulties, nor was he unmindful of the benefactions which he had received in his academic days; and, therefore, his generosity was often extended in aid of worthy college students of limited pecuniary resources. Students in Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and Dartmouth Colleges were recipients of his liberal assistance, and some of them were maintained throughout the entire collegiate course by the generous donations of Chaplain Fisk. Several institutions of learning were also indebted to the chaplain for liberal contributions, which enriched their cabinets of minerals and libraries.

In 1880, Chaplain Fisk added to his already large donations to the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind the munificent sum of five hun-

dred dollars, in gold, to be applied in the publication of the history of Greece, in embossed characters, which are read by the sense of feeling, as the wonderfully sensitive fingers of the blind inmates of the institution are passed over the page. The following correspondence relating to the matter was published in the daily papers :—

“ BOSTON, February 24, 1880.

“ FRIEND ANAGNOS : I send you herewith the sum of five hundred dollars, in gold, to be used by the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind in the publication of an edition of the history of Greece, which, I understand, is much needed. Hoping that such publication will be of great service to all who are so unfortunate as to be deprived of the inestimable gift of sight. I am, very truly, etc.,

“ PHOTIUS FISK,

“ *U. S. Navy.*”

“ SOUTH BOSTON, February 25, 1880.

“ MY DEAR MR. FISK : I know not how to thank you for this renewed proof of your goodness toward our school. Your munificent present was duly received, and, I assure you, it moved me deeply. Of all the monuments which you have been erecting, and the generous acts which you are incessantly performing, this is undoubtedly the most enduring and the most beneficent ; for it adds oil to the lamp which lightens

the intellectual horizon of a large class of our fellow-men, and serves as a beacon to lead them to the shore of knowledge, independence, and happiness. There is no calculating the good which it will do to our sightless children. May you, my dear friend, be rewarded for your noble kindness and generosity; and may your example be followed by those who have the stewardship of riches.

"I shall have the greatest pleasure in carrying out your most benevolent plan. Your name will stand with those of Peter C. Brooks, John C. Gray, Samuel May, John Preston, Amos A. Lawrence, Charles Dickens, Thomas Roche, and others of our most prized benefactors, whose generosity has aided Dr. Howe in opening the realm of literature to the blind.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Fisk, with the kindest regards and heartfelt thanks,

"Faithfully yours,

"M. ANAGNOS."

In 1881, Wendell Phillips addressed the faculty and students of Iowa College, and one of the faculty inquired of him whether he knew of any one in Massachusetts who would be likely to present to their institution a set of the Greek classics. Phillips gave him the address of Rev. Photius Fisk, with the assurance that Mr. Fisk was in the habit of attending to such matters. A correspondence was opened with Mr. Fisk upon the subject, with the result that he gave his order to a Boston

importer of foreign books for a complete set of the ancient "Greek Authors." In due time the books were received from the publisher in Germany, and forwarded to Iowa College. The cost of that donation, all told, was seven hundred dollars. The following letter of acknowledgment, with comments, appeared in *The Index* of March 2, 1882:—

"Our friend Photius Fisk has received the following well-merited letter of gratitude from Iowa College, for a valuable donation of books to the college library:

"GRINNELL, IOWA, February 14, 1882.

"REV. PHOTIUS FISK:

"DEAR SIR: In behalf of the trustees, faculty, and students of Iowa College, I tender to you our sincere thanks for your valuable gift of the "Greek Authors,"—one hundred and twenty-two volumes in all,—which you have been pleased to make to our library. May the consciousness of doing this very acceptable favor to us ever be as pleasing to you as it is to us. We thank you also for the photographs, which are suspended at the end of the shelves that contain the books.

"With respect, yours,

"R. W. SWAN,

"*Librarian.*"

"Mr. Fisk having heard it intimated, from the fact that Orthodox institutions are not infrequently recipients of

his generosity, that he is inclined to recant his liberal views, wishes it distinctly understood that he gives to causes that commend themselves to his judgment, irrespective of nation, color, clime, or creed, *because he is a Free Religionist.*"

The following also appears in the *Index* of a later date :—

"Rev. Photius Fisk, the free-thinking chaplain of the United States Navy, and the well-known philanthropist, has, says *The Advance*, sent to Grinnell [Iowa] College 'Trubner's Leipzig Edition of Greek Authors, and the *Corpus Inscriptorum Græcorum*,—one hundred and twenty-nine volumes in all,—the very sight of which ought to be quickening to its Greek scholarship. Fisk P. Brewer, Professor of Greek in the institution above referred to, has written Mr. Fisk a letter, from which we give the following extract : 'Your benefaction has stimulated another. A friend of the Latin Professor here saw an account of your donation, and has promised to give our library the series of Roman authors published by Trubner.' In another letter, Professor Brewer writes : 'Since I wrote you last week, one of our graduates handed to our instructor in Political Science one hundred dollars, to purchase books for his department. This is, in my opinion, another happy consequence of your valued gift.'"

At the close of the Rebellion, the freedmen were invested by constitutional amendments with all the civil rights of citizens of the United States ; but no

provision of the fundamental law nor act of Congress could speedily emancipate them from the bonds of ignorance, and qualify them for the proper exercise of the elective franchise. Intrusted with the ballot, they were thenceforward to exert an authoritative influence in the direction of government affairs, and in many sections of the South the freedmen largely outnumbered the white population. They would, therefore, have controlling power in their elections; and, with such numerical advantage in their hands, they would be likely to select from their own class illiterate and incompetent persons to represent them in the legislative councils and administrative offices of the State and nation.

Before the adoption of the measure, with these apprehended evils in view, it was urged in Congress and through the press, in opposition to negro suffrage, that, although the colored race were justly entitled to the full enjoyment of all the natural rights which belong to our common humanity, they were not yet qualified by their intelligence to properly participate in the management of the affairs of civil government; that they were ignorant of the basic principles of civil liberty, and would be not only likely, but sure, to become the dupes of crafty politicians, and would be mislead in their political action; that, although the purity of their motives might not be questioned, they were utterly

incompetent to rightly exercise so important a trust as the elective franchise in a government based on the popular intelligence; and that, in consequence of their mental incapacity, it would be absolutely unsafe to intrust the ballot in their hands.

On the contrary, it was claimed, in favor of the adoption of the Fifteenth Article of Amendments to the Constitution, that, although the freedmen were illiterate, and uninstructed in the principles and administration of popular government, they were not less competent to act judiciously in politics than were the equally illiterate whites, who exercised the right of suffrage in the Southern States; that free schools would be established among them for their instruction and advancement in the knowledge of letters; that political experience, with free discussion of the principles of government and methods of political proceeding, would qualify them for independent and judicious work in the political arena; that a loyal element in Southern politics was greatly needed as a counter-balance to the probable disloyal action of the disaffected whites, who had so recently conspired to overthrow the government by force of arms; that the liberated slaves were loyal, and would act politically with the loyal party in support of the government, which had released them from the bonds of slavery, and had promised to protect their liberties; and, therefore, as a measure to insure the

public safety ; to perpetuate free, governmental institutions in the lately rebellious States ; to prevent further political discords between the North and South, and to promote the prosperity and peace of the whole Republic, the freedmen ought to be made at all points equal with all other men before the law. It was assumed that in one generation the training of the schools would not only prepare them for the right discharge of their political duties and responsibilities, and for the full enjoyment of all their newly acquired civil rights and privileges, but would also be the means of their enlightenment and elevation in the moral, intellectual, and social scale. It was urged that, to first recognize the natural and civil rights of the colored race by constitutional provisions, and afterwards to provide for their instruction by legislative enactments, was not only a work of humanity and justice, but was, under the existing circumstances and conditions, a work of political necessity.

The arguments in favor of the amendment prevailed in Congress and in the legislatures of the States. The negro was invested with the elective franchise ; another step in the advance of natural and civil liberty was gained ; but the truth, that the freedmen were not mentally qualified to rightly exercise the right of suffrage, was self-evident. Consequently, their friends, the former agitators of the anti-slavery movement, per-

ceiving the importance of educational work among them, made strong efforts to establish colored schools throughout the Southern States. They secured by contributions a sufficient fund to endow a college for colored students at Berea, Kentucky, and to establish schools at various points in other States.

To this original fund, and also for the continued support of the schools instituted by private means, Chaplain Fisk was one of the most liberal contributors. Instead of waiting to receive calls from them for assistance, he anticipated their needs, and made his remittances without solicitation ; but whenever he did receive from the colored schools an intimation that money was needed for some specific purpose, he would confess that the fault rested upon his own characteristic inadvertence that he did not think of it before, and his response was both prompt and of sufficient amount to be of some service. Berea College and the Holley School at Lottsburgh, Virginia, were especial objects of his philanthropic care ; and his donations for their benefit during the space of more than twenty-five years must amount in the aggregate to several thousand dollars. The school at Lottsburgh, established by Miss Sallie Holley, of New York, has continued under her direction to the present time. In the management of the school, she secured the co-operation and assistance of Miss Caroline F. Putnam, a graduate of Oberlin College, and an

excellent teacher. Miss Holley and Miss Putnam have labored successfully together through a quarter of a century to instruct and elevate the colored race, and many of the colored residents of that part of Virginia are indebted for their advancement in the path of learning to the persevering efforts of these ladies, supported in their arduous work by the timely benefactions of Mr. Fisk and other generous minded people. In addition to the munificent cash donations of Mr. Fisk for the maintenance of Holley School, he presented to the institution a fine collection of pictures to decorate the schoolroom walls, and forwarded annually several barrels of Boston crackers, to make the school doubly attractive to the youthful freedmen.

CHAPTER XII.

PRESS NOTICES.

THE following editorials and correspondence of the journals of the day are evidence of the high esteem in which Photius Fisk was held by those who knew him best. The first, copied from the Boston *Commonwealth* of March 31, 1883, is the story of his life and a true estimate of his character in condensed form.

"REV. PHOTIUS FISK, U. S. N.

"Every one familiar with the streets of Boston for the last eight or ten years has frequently noticed, though perhaps not knowing the man, a short, slim, frail figure, moving rapidly along with quick, elastic step. It is that of a little old man, above threescore and ten years, with nervous, gray eyes, thin face, sharp features, something between a saffron and a bronze complexion, and long, white locks, not hanging, but drawn up on either side over a head bald on top. This man is one of Boston's characters, known and loved by many, especially among the poor, lowly, and unfortunate. His name is Rev. Photius Fisk, and he has a strange history. By nationality he is a Greek, and in him are combined all the traits and characteristics of the remarkable race from which he sprang. One of

the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, Hylas, was his birthplace; but he did not live there many years, for reason that the plague visited his home, and, in its frightful devastations, swept away, in one week's time, both his parents, two brothers, and two sisters, leaving him the sole survivor of the family. In his distress, he fell into the hands of an uncle, Panages Maneses, and afterwards, at an uncertain age,—presumably in his teens,—was picked up at Malta by Rev. Pliny Fisk, a missionary from this State, who became deeply interested in him, gave him his own surname in place of Kavasales (his family name), and sent him to this country to be educated for missionary work.

“Another Greek boy was shipped with him, and the two landed at Salem, and were placed in charge of a member of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Rev. Dr. Cornelius. They were lionized (or “monkey-ized,” as Mr. Fisk would now say) in religious circles for some time, and the ministers exhibited them in order to induce contributions for missionary purposes. A little while later he was sent to the Cornwall Mission School in Connecticut, where he studied for a time, and then left it for the Hopkins Academy, in New Haven. He rather lost favor with the Missionary Board by running away twice,—once from each of these schools,—and finally went back to Malta; but there he found life dull and lonesome after his experiences in Connecticut, and soon resolved to return. Having but little money, he promised the captain of a vessel that, if he would take him to America, friends there would pay him for it. The vessel stopped at Martinique on its trip, and

there for the first time young Photius met face to face the institution of slavery, the horrors of which so moved his pity that from that time forth he was a devoted Abolitionist, the chief interest of his life centering thereafter on the anti-slavery cause.

"Arriving in America, he began another educational career, paying the expense by his own work, and after studying in sectarian colleges in New York City and Auburn, where he became familiar with several languages, he entered the Congregational ministry. His first settlement was in Halifax, Vermont; but his Grecian constitution did not harmonize with the rigorous climate, and he sought a more congenial field of pastoral work. Moreover, his association with Abolitionists had not helped him in his aspirations for success in the pulpit, though that influence was instrumental in securing him a position which permanently relieved him of all pecuniary care. At the solicitation of Joshua R. Giddings, John Quincy Adams, and Gerritt Smith, he was appointed chaplain in the United States Navy in 1842, and served actively in that capacity at various naval stations and on the seas until ten or twelve years ago, when he was placed on the retired list, since which time he has made Boston his home. Being a man of inexpensive habits, and few calls being made upon his generous nature while at sea, he accumulated during that time a fortune of from \$30,000 to \$40,000, most of which is now invested in government bonds. He now draws the income of this sum in addition to a salary of \$2,175, a condition of comparative opulence for a single man with no relative dependent upon him, giving scope for the exercise of

Mr. Fisk's distinguishing characteristic, a most beautiful benevolence.

"The philanthropic instincts of the man are something extraordinary. He lives with excessive simplicity in a suite of four rooms on the fourth floor of a house in Tremont Place, taking meals that consist of next to nothing at all at restaurants. All that is left of his income after paying for these necessities, and moderately gratifying a love of art and music that possesses him, he devotes each year to charities of all sorts. For many years the anti-slavery cause was the chief object of his giving, and even since its triumph the interest of the negroes and their champions have been largely his peculiar care. Besides contributing largely to the burial expenses of many prominent Abolitionists who died in poverty, he has reared no less than four monuments to men who did brave deeds for freedom. One of these is Captain Dryton's, in New Bedford, and another — the most noted of all — is that marking the grave of Captain Jonathan Walker, the 'Man with the Branded Hand,' at the unveiling of which, in Muskegon, Michigan, August 1, 1878, Pillsbury delivered an eloquent address. He has very materially aided many other causes, giving liberally at times to the women suffragists, the free religionists, and the temperance reformers. But he is moved no less by the sufferings of individuals than by the wrongs of classes, and many are the beneficiaries who, in distress, have found in him a savior. Appalling disasters, too, call with equal effect upon his sympathetic nature. Being in Naples at the time of the great Chicago fire, he cabled to the custodian of his

funds in Boston, at an expense of twenty dollars, to act for him liberally in subscribing for the relief of the suffering, and sent a similar message from Malta on receiving news of the subsequent Boston fire. No longer ago than last Thursday morning he responded readily to a call in behalf of the sufferers by the recent inundations in Holland, February 4."

[FROM THE BOSTON *Investigator*, NOVEMBER 10, 1886.]

A PHILANTHROPIST.

"A man or woman either who can truly be called a philanthropist is of the highest type of human character. Some people say, that to 'stand up for Jesus' means every degree of excellence. Not so; we can do nothing for Jesus, but we can respect our fellow-creatures and exert ourselves to do them good. This is philanthropy, and the following article makes honorable mention of a worthy Liberal friend who practises this great virtue:—

"PHOTIUS FISK.

"Among the noteworthy residents of Boston, the above-mentioned gentleman deserves more than a passing mention. Mr. Fisk's fine head and features are indicative of intellect, culture, humor, and benevolence, and are thus a genuine manifestation of the man. He was formerly a chaplain in the navy. He is a Greek by birth, but is American by education and choice. Though past the age of enthusiasm, he is still an enthu-

siast in behalf of the liberation of humanity from every species of despotism, whether civil or ecclesiastical. In this behalf his heart and purse are always open. John Brown, before his famous Harper's Ferry raid on slavery, was the subject of Mr. Fisk's bounty, as an acknowledgment in the old hero's handwriting makes manifest. Naturally enough Mr. Fisk cherishes this memento of the famous martyr.

"Mr. Fisk literally lives not for himself, but for the cause of humanity, popular liberty, and education. Whoever is striking a blow at superstition is sure of his sympathy and aid. Being a Greek, he naturally enough is fond of promoting the study of the ancient literature of his race and country. To this end he has furnished to several Western colleges a complete literary outfit of all the ancient Greek authors. Thus, in this age of an enlightened self-interest and selfishness, when most people are eager to enrich themselves, we have one splendid exceptional man in Boston, who delights to promote the cause of liberty and education, and to help the unfortunate everywhere. Such a person is deserving of far more respect than the most conspicuous case of selfish prosperity and success.—B. W. B.'

"Lowell Vox Populi."

"The above is a truthful sketch of a generous philanthropist, with whom we have the pleasure of being acquainted. A helper in all reformatory movements, he is also a true friend to the poor and unfortunate, and many of these who have been made happy by his generous bounty bless the name of the benevolent PHOTIUS FISK."

[L. K. WASHBURN, IN BOSTON *Investigator*, JANUARY 26, 1887.]

“PHOTIUS FISK.

“MR. EDITOR: It was said by a friend of Douglass Jerrold, who had received many a proof of love from him, ‘If every one who had received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower upon his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise over his grave.’ If every person who has been helped by the generosity of Photius Fisk were to write but one line of acknowledgment, a volume would be written.

“In these days of large fortunes, many noble benefactions have been bestowed upon institutions of learning, hospitals, homes for the aged, the blind, and the orphan. Such gifts are blessings to humanity. Great wealth owes a great debt to mankind, and when a rich man pays this debt, in whole or in part, he deserves to be honored for his deed. We do not propose criticising any man’s charity. It is almost impossible to give without helping some worthy object. When we contemplate the vast benefit which Girard bestowed upon his race, or look upon the wise beneficence of Peter Cooper, we see the real value of wealth. The magnificent endowment of Peter B. Brigham, which provides for a free hospital for the poor of this city, where he lived, will relieve the pain of thousands, turn sickness into health, and give joy and happiness to human hearts for years to come.

“No country can boast of nobler public benefactors than ours. Every city and nearly every town has some monument of their generosity. Hundreds, thousands

of names are written upon the scroll of honor. But there is a rarer benefaction than this. We do not belittle the public act by giving honest praise to the private deed. The hand that cannot wait until it is filled—until it can hold no more—before it gives of its generosity, but pours out its charity at the sight of suffering, at the tale of misery and want, and presses relief upon the weary worker, proffers comfort to old age, carries encouragement to youth, lends a helping hand to enterprise, and strengthens and upholds progress and reform, is the rarest manifestation of philanthropy. The man that holds wealth as though it belonged to the world, and not to himself, honors mankind. To give to others without reward, without recompense, without praise, with only the thought of helping a fellow-man or making glad a human heart,—to do this is greatness.

“To do this for years and years, to assist thousands, in every part of the country, is what Photius Fisk has done. His purse was held open to help free the slave, and many a poor negro owed his liberty to this man’s large, tender heart and noble generosity. He did not stop with helping forward emancipation; he honored the liberators; and several monuments erected to the memory of anti-slavery apostles at his expense testify to his appreciation of heroism and sacrifice. In erecting these monuments to others, he has built his own. This man, ordained to preach a gospel of salvation for the soul hereafter, could not see happiness postponed, and so he has practised a gospel of kindness here, which has added to the lives of hundreds of human beings.

"This man's passion is liberty. His soul is on fire with his love of freedom, and wherever human effort has tried to advance the race, or promote human rights, there has Photius Fisk sent aid. It is an old saying that there is "no cause without a martyr," so there is no reform without a benefactor. To how many Liberal undertakings Photius Fisk has stood godfather no one knows, but their name is legion.

"His support and assistance to Liberal publications cover over thirty years of time. How many papers and magazines has he assisted with life! If he has not attended their birth professionally, he has at least paid the doctor's bill. And then the books, the pamphlets, and lectures that he has published, or assisted in publishing, make a long list. But he has not been satisfied with doing all this. He has bought presses, types, and paper for more than one of our free-thought journals, and his name is on the subscription list of most of them.

"But we have not time nor space to enumerate the charity of Mr. Fisk in this direction. It is simply enormous, and means thousands of dollars given for liberty of mind. The unnumbered and unknown gifts to the sick, the feeble, the aged, and poor cannot be told. He has kept no record of his charity. He has given, not for his own profit or satisfaction, but for others. It is for them to remember his benefactions.

"This man has the art of doing good in a heroic degree. It is almost beyond the power of words to paint his deeds. Such generosity, such benevolence, such philanthropy, as distinguishes this rare old man,

marks him an exceptional person, and should not be allowed to go unrecognized and unhonored. A great heart, a great love of man, underlies the noble life which we have barely hinted. If *one* gift to the world, made when life can no longer be enjoyed, and when the steps of Death are heard outside the door, deserves the praise of the press, what must be the measure of honor for Photius Fisk, who has given freely, generously, and without reward, for years when life was ripe and full, and who has not stayed his hand even to the present time, when the shadows of old age have fallen around him? Even now, when weak and feeble, his greatest care is for others, and his greatest satisfaction to hear that the work of freeing the mind of man is going on. An acknowledgment of kindness is an act of justice, and it is far better to give our thanks to the living than to heap them above the dead.

"Photius Fisk has lived to make this world better, and to help his fellow-beings. It is with feelings of profound respect that I mention this man's name, and with deepest gratitude that I acknowledge his personal kindness to me. Friendship is worth paying for, and so is kindness, and if we can pay our debts only in thanks, let us do this, at least."

L. K. WASHBURN.

[From *Truth Seeker* Report of Proceedings of the Congress
of the American Secular Union, 1888.]

"Photius Fisk is another free-thought philanthropist, who spends his declining days in doing good for the coming generations. Instead of needing urging to

duty, he is always anticipating what is most necessary to be done. Through his noble philanthropy and sterling devotion to justice, the name of Photius Fisk is so well known and highly honored that any word here seems superfluous. Suffice it to say, that this patriarch was not forgotten when the list of Vice-Presidents was made at the last Congress, and, as a slight recognition, he was prominently placed among them."

In 1884, desiring to aid in the advancement of Liberalism, Chaplain Fisk invested one thousand dollars in stock of the Paine Memorial, in Boston, and presented his shares to the Paine Memorial Company, on condition that the income therefrom should be used for the support of lectures in Paine Hall. He also donated to that Company his large and valuable collection of pictures, which he had procured in various parts of Europe and in the United States, at an expense of several thousand dollars, and fitted rooms in Paine Memorial Building for their reception, at an expense of two hundred dollars more, and contributed one hundred dollars for the support of the Boston *Investigator*.

CHAPTER XIII.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE philanthropic acts of Chaplain Fisk naturally inspired many letters of commendation from valued friends, and expressions of gratitude from recipients of his bounty. A few of these are selected, without reference to the order of their dates, from the large mass of similar communications which he has received from all parts of the country and from Europe, but all bearing testimony to his remarkable generosity and goodness of heart. The first is a tribute from one who devoted the best part of his life to the agitation of the anti-slavery question, and who appreciates the assistance rendered to the anti-slavery cause by Photius Fisk.

“CONCORD, N. H., November 11, 1888.

“DEAR CHAPLAIN FISK: At my last visit to you, it seemed to me you appeared very sad. November is a sad month. In France, they tell us it is their suicide month. I never wonder at seeing you thus, when I remember that you are so alone in the world. Almost everybody not older than you has brothers, sisters, or cousins, if not children. But when you, a little child,

was bereft of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, every one, and all in a single week, you were left an orphan indeed! Not many of all our race can relate a more tragic tale.

“But, somehow, you seem never to have been forsaken. Happy influences have ever surrounded you. Through dangers, seen and unseen, by land and sea, you have been preserved; and, as now appears, preserved to most wondrous purpose.

“Once, at the Fourth of July celebration, soon after the death of George Washington, who, as you know had no child, a toast was drank to his memory reading thus:—

“‘President George Washington.—Heaven kept him childless, that a Nation might call him Father.’

“So let me say of you, even better than of Washington: finding yourself alone in the world, you made that world, with all its nations, *your country*; and to do it good, all the good in your power, that you made *your religion*.

“It was Thomas Paine, you know, who said and who wrote: ‘The world is my country, and to do good is my religion.’

“And it seems to me, dear friend Fisk, your name is worthy to be mentioned in connection with the two illustrious names by the side of which I have placed it, only with this mighty difference: that one of them was a life-long slaveholder, while you, left a little orphan child, helpless, homeless, friendless, penniless, were enabled to amass a little fortune, the whole of which you have consecrated to works of humanity and charity,

and thousands of dollars of which you have cheerfully expended in the cause of the enslaved, and to aid the friends of the slave in their self-sacrificing, self-denying, and often dangerous anti-slavery work.

"Pre-eminently, it may be said of you, that you labored and still labor to save the lost. You well remember who it was who said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"Many give their thousands and thousands to found colleges and universities to be called after their names. Others bestow their thousands to pile up mighty monuments to the memory of those whose only greatness was earned on battle-fields of carnage and death, some in most unrighteous wars!

"You have sought out the poor, the friendless, the aged, the widow, the orphan; and for years, most of all, the oppressed, down-trodden, debased, and imbruted slave and his faithful friends, and on them your benedictions fell in golden showers, well knowing how impossible it was that they could ever recompense you again.

"You have aided me with liberal hand since slavery was abolished. The clergy, every man of them, have declared that they or their predecessors, with the churches, abolished slavery; some going so far as to say that they could sooner if Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and others like them, had been out of the way! But these tracts, published between 1840 and 1847, one entitled, 'The American Churches the Bulwarks of American Slavery,' by Judge Birney of Kentucky, a

ruling elder in the Presbyterian church; another called, 'The Brotherhood of Thieves; or, a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy,' by Stephen S. Foster; and the other, of nearly a hundred pages, entitled, 'The Church as it is—the Forlorn Hope of Slavery,' told a quite different tale.

"At a cost of hundreds of dollars, the most of which you paid, I republished more than eight thousand copies of those and similar works, and scattered them over the land,—putting a copy of each of the three named into the libraries of all the principal colleges, universities, and theological seminaries of the United States, and into a great many other public libraries besides. This was indeed a great and invaluable work, which, without your generous aid, would never have been accomplished.

"But my letter grows too long. I began by telling you how sad you seemed when my last calls on you were made. I think you have great cause for always rejoicing, on two grounds: first, that you have the means to help and bless so many; and secondly, that you have the disposition, the spirit, to aid so many of your unfortunate fellow-beings. And I should add a third reason, namely, that you have been enabled to reach in so great degree the most outcast, most helpless,—in a word, *the least of all your brethren* of the human race.

"And now, if you can pardon so much to so little purpose, I will hasten to subscribe, my dear friend,

"Yours for every good thought, word, and work,

"PARKER PILLSBURY."

"FAIRFIELD, CONN., Sept. 5, 1878.

"DEAR MR. FISK: It has been many years since I have seen or even heard from you; but still I have not forgotten your kindness to me, when a youngster, in the old frigate *Raritan*, around the Horn in 1852. The little lunches in the chaplain's room, where we had brown stout, sardines, etc., are still remembered with pleasure.

"I was glad to hear you had gone into the statuary business; and the only notice I have seen of you for years was in connection with the unveiling of the statue of the anti-slavery hero with the branded hand, in Chicago. The name I have forgotten, and I wondered why you had selected Chicago as the place in which to commemorate his exploits. Knowing your strong sentiments on the slavery question, and your enthusiastic admiration of anti-slavery champions, I was not surprised at your selecting the man with the branded hand to honor with a bust in one of the beautiful parks of the Garden City of the West.

"Honor to whom," etc.

"We, my wife and self, are living quietly here on the Sound for the summer. I am waiting orders, and may be assigned to duty in the fall, having returned from sea in February last. I have had my ups and downs since we met, but am thankful to say I have no cause for complaint or grievance at present. I think there has been great improvement in the *morale* of the service since we served together in the Pacific.

"I will be very glad to hear from you at your leisure, and, with best wishes for your perfect health and happiness, I remain sincerely yours,

W. P. McCANN, *Capt. U. S. Navy.*

[EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

WRITTEN BY MISS SUSAN H. WIXON TO A FRIEND.]

"Photius Fisk! His name ought to be written in letters of light and beauty, with a pen that is diamond-tipped. Why? Because he is a benefactor of the human race, a reformer of the best and highest type. Tender, compassionate, and unselfish, he has, with a large heart and helpful hand, raised the fallen, given strength and courage to the weak and the unfortunate, and sent the needy suppliant on his way rejoicing.

"From his quiet home in the city of Boston, goodness, sympathy, and kindness have gone out from this noble man, like sun rays, in every direction, blessing all upon whom they fell.

"He has sensed the pain, the sorrow, and suffering in the world in a large degree. As far as has been in his power, he has endeavored to relieve them, and put joy, pleasure, happiness, in their places. Thousands have felt the sympathetic touch of his hand who have never looked upon his face and never will. The cause of right, of truth, and justice has always received his benediction and substantial aid, to move it onward and upward. The oppressed of every clime in him have found a friend to espouse their cause and right their wrongs. His thought and word, his means, helped the slave to freedom; and it was his energetic remonstrance against such cruelty that caused the abolition of flogging in the navy of the United States.

"A true friend, a noble citizen of the world, a large-hearted philanthropist, to do good his religion, — the

history of this country cannot be truly written and the name of Photius Fisk left out.

"SUSAN H. WIXON."

[LETTER TO MR. FISK.]

"FALL RIVER, MASS., Dec. 18, 1888.

"DEAR FRIEND: I return herewith Mrs. Suter's letter to you. I read it with much interest, and am glad to know that Daisy and the other children are recovering their health, and also that the fever has left no ill effects, as it sometimes does. The scarlet fever is dreadful. I have a cousin who is quite deaf from early childhood, on account of that scourge of children.

"I wrote to Daisy on receipt of a previous letter from you inclosing one from Daisy's mother. I shall expect to hear from her, when she recovers sufficiently to write. I can see that the children think a great deal of you, especially Daisy. It is beautiful to be so kindly remembered; and you are worthy, my dear friend, of all kindness, of all remembrance. When I survey the past, and think of the great benefit you have been to humanity, so tenderly remembering the unfortunates of this world, the tears come to my eyes, and my faith in the human race grows stronger. You know, sometimes we get almost discouraged; at least, I do, when I see so much rapacity, cruelty, and deception among men and women. But the brave and sincere, the generous and true-hearted, that now and then appear, like oases in a desert, relieve the bleak and barren spots of life. So I

am glad you live, dear friend, and I wish you could stay on this world a thousand years and more. Alas, that it cannot be so! But your memory will be a sweet and fragrant flower to all who have known you. Your name will often be spoken, and your good deeds related. Thus will you become immortal in the hearts of those who love and remember your worth and goodness.

"My sister and I often speak of you. We thought you did not show the weight of years the last time we called, and I hear with sorrow that you have had two attacks of vertigo of late. Is there no medicine to remedy these occurrences, and prevent another? I trust you go out all you can in good weather; and Mr. H., I know, will see to it that you are well wrapped up when you do go out; for these wintry winds are severe and piercing. In your delicate health, a sudden cold would go hard with you, and you must take care to prevent anything of the sort.

"I am going this afternoon to hear Miss Smith talk on the Associated Charities in Boston. She is the general agent of the work there, while here the work is comparatively new.

"My sister joins me in kind regards to yourself and Mr. H. I am always grateful to think you have so kind and tender a care-taker as Mr. H.

"As ever, your sincere friend,

"SUSAN H. WIXON."

The following communication is from the pen of a well-known advocate of the anti-slavery cause, and writer for the journals of free thought.

"CINCINNATI, November, 23, Eternal Time.

"TO PHOTIUS FISK:

"KIND AND EVER DEAR SIR,—The greatest pleasure of my life is to write to you. I sincerely hope you are quite well, and greatly enjoy the change that you have made. A good and comfortable home is something enjoyable; and may every comfort and convenience be yours for long continuance.

"You richly deserve the utmost kindness from all persons with whom you have to do, that your passing hours and days may be periods of entire satisfaction to your benevolent and noble mind. If, sir, the world were blessed with many generous persons, who would use their surplus wealth to cheer and brighten the dismal homes of misfortune and suffering, the struggle for existence would not be so hard a conflict; life would be worth living, and desolate habitations would be transformed into homes of joy and comfort. ["So mote it be."]

"As the time rolls onward, and true civilization becomes more general, I believe humanity will advance in good and merciful deeds, and brotherly kindness will be more prevalent among mankind. In a perfect state of civilization, neither sordid selfishness nor bigotry, nor social degradation could exist.

"Let universal mental liberty, and charity, and equal justice everywhere prevail, and the "Brotherhood of Man" will be complete. But, under the present half-civilized conditions of mankind, life is a hard experience and hardly worth living. Our individual experience,

however, is only for this life, and that will soon cease to be. We are only mortal. Faith in eternal existence is a delusion,—a kind of insanity which grows out of false education. Faith excludes knowledge, and is, therefore, the enemy of progress. Theology can teach us nothing, neither can belief in its vagaries save us in the hour of peril, either in this world or in the imaginary world to come. Those individuals who contribute to the sum of scientific knowledge, and thus dispel the clouds of superstitious ignorance from the mental horizon of human life, who liberate the oppressed from bondage, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and raise up the fallen, are the true saviors of mankind.

"My friend, your efforts in these directions are worthy of all commendation. May your life and health long be continued. You have made many happy, and that peace and happiness may be yours is the earnest wish of your sincere friend,

"THOMAS WINTER."

"LOTTSBURGH, VA., OCTOBER, 9, 1875.

"REV. P. FISK :

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I received a letter from Wendell Phillips, inclosing the sum of fifty dollars from you. I lose no time in returning the grateful thanks of both Miss Putnam and myself.

"It is very timely to our needs. You are exceeding thoughtful and generous in your kindness. In all the pinches and straits of this freedmen school-keeping life of ours, the darkest day has been relieved by striking providences, like this handsome donation of yours. I

no longer wonder at the story of Elijah fed by ravens in the wilderness, or the wonderful replenishing of the poor widow's cruse of oil, and the multiplied loaves and fishes to the hungry throng of people about Jesus. Our own experience in Virginia confirms it all.

"I must again thank you for the newspapers. The *Index* comes every week. The *Journal* we enjoyed very much, but it discontinued September 1. You were very good to send it so long, and no words can tell our thanks and obligation to you.

"Truly and sincerely,

"SALLIE HOLLEY."

"HOLLEY SCHOOL,

"LOTTSBURGH, VA., Dec. 18, 1889.

"REV. PHOTIUS FISK:

"DEAR FRIEND,—Our school's twenty-first Christmas approaches, and among the noble and kind friends who have soothed, sustained, cheered, and brightened our long pathway through our struggles, hardships, privations, and persecutions in this hostile land, you will ever rise conspicuous as the kindest and most generous benefactor.

"From the fountain of your quick and tender sympathy has flowed such a constant stream of charitable blessing for these poor Virginia freedmen, that your name, whenever it is spoken in the school, instantly puts a light upon every dark face, and touches every heart with joy, and all eyes turn to your benignant portrait with answering looks, love, and gratitude.

"Your portrait, beaming so full of friendly interest,

and the many instructive and handsome pictures on our school-room walls, together with the countless treats of the little white loaves of Boston pilot biscuit, so keenly enjoyed by hungry men, women, and children through many years, give you a real presence here, and perpetually repeat the echoes of the glad Christmas song, "Good will to man," to which your own ear is ever so finely attuned.

"And who, among those in sorrow and want, more needed the benefactions of your generous hand than these freedmen, who once were bound under the cruel yoke of slavery, and who were bought and sold on the auction block like cattle, and driven, with aching hearts, far from their friends and kindred, who were left behind to mourn their loss until this day ?

"As you aided John Brown to strike his brave blow at slavery, that those in bonds might have freedom, homes, and schools, so also have you aided to uplift, refine, and mould their minds by education, and thus fit them for the full and proper enjoyment of that freedom which his brave martyrdom did so much to achieve.

"It is your money that enables us to pay Susie Blackwell, one of our most intelligent scholars, a little salary for her assistance in teaching, after being so well educated by means of your benefactions to this school.

"Susie's mother exclaimed with deep feeling, after our celebration of old John Brown's Day: 'I've seen great changes! When I was a little girl, my mother was sold to the trader and went off to Georgia in handcuffs! I never dreamed of seeing my children learning in such a school as this, and that my daughter would be a teacher!'

"Susie is a sweet singer, and she struck up "Home Sweet Home," for the school to sing.

"This day, our geography class took a journey to Italy, and when reading about the beautiful city and Bay of Naples, and about Vesuvius and the surrounding country, your little cake of stamped lava was gazed upon with wonder. The inscription, '*Lava, del Monte Vesuvi, 1871,*' was carefully studied out, and the graceful head of the Madonna in relief upon the opposite side admired as it passed from hand to hand. Thus, dear friend of humanity, in a thousand ways is your beneficent hand tracing upon these minds and hearts lines of happiness, never to be effaced.

"Your giving us the pleasure of thus sharing with you the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, made eighteen years ago, in this precious little souvenir, is but one of the ten thousand gracious ways in which you have scattered heavenly charity, like summer rain, to refresh and gladden those whom you have tenderly pitied. No one has a better right to the enjoyment of life's comforts than he whose life work it has been to reduce the sum of ignorance, misery, and degradation upon the face of our fair earth.

"Ever most gratefully, with regard and respect,

"CAROLINE F. PUTNAM."

"3 TREMONT PLACE, BOSTON,

"November 1, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,— You have, I am sure, been informed by your predecessor, Mr. Francis, of the contributions

which I have been accustomed to send each year to the poor of Athens. Remembering the misery of every country into which my cosmopolitan life has led me, I have not been unmindful of Greece.

"Mr. Francis informed me that you would be glad to perform for me the same service that he has done from year to year. I therefore inclose herewith a draft for £40 sterling; 1000 drachmas of which you will be kind enough to distribute to the Poor House, at Athens, for the subsistence of the inmates; the remainder to the Male Orphan Asylum, at Athens.

"I am, sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"PHOTIUS FISK.

"Gen. JOHN MEREDITH REED, JR.,
U. S. Minister Resident at Athens."

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,

"ATHENS, December 2, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received yours of the 1st of November, 1875. The inclosure, a draft for £41 6s. 5d., not £40, as stated in your letter, netted 1198 drachmas 30 lepta. I transmit herewith the account of Mr. Zizinias, who purchased the bill as above; also the receipts of the Treasurer of the Poor House of Athens, for 1000 drachmas; and of the Treasurer of the Male Orphan Asylum, for 198 drachmas 30 lepta. I am told that the authorities of each institution will suitably acknowledge in writing your generous gifts. The mo-

ment those communications reach me I will forward them to your address. I am, dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"JOHN MEREDITH REED.

"PHOTIUS FISK, Esquire,
No. 3 Tremont Place, Boston."

"FIELD'S CROSSING, September 30, 1888.

"MY DEAR Mr. FISK,— I went to the colored Home yesterday, and heard from Mrs. Smith of your very generous gift of twenty dollars.

"You are always most kind and constant in remembering our Thanksgiving, and I wish you could see the pleasure that your generosity and thoughtfulness give the inmates. Let me thank you for them, and also on behalf of the Managers, who look on you as one of the best and kindest friends to the Home.

"Your portrait will be hung in the parlor with those of other benefactors of the Home, and you will long be regarded with pleasure and gratitude by all.

"With sincerest thanks for this and all your other kind attentions to us, I am,

"Very gratefully yours,

"ANNA P. JACKSON,

"*Visitor for September.*"

Hearing of the tornado which swept through Grinnell, Iowa, June 17, 1882, uprooting trees, demolishing houses, injuring many persons, and destroying life, Mr.

Fisk wrote immediately to Prof. Fisk P. Brewer, of Iowa College, inclosing fifty dollars, to be distributed for the relief of the victims of the disaster, as his judgment should dictate, and in due time received the following reply :—

“GRINNELL, 4 July, 1882.

“Rev. PHOTIUS FISK :

“MY DEAR SIR,—In accordance with your direction to apply the fifty dollars ‘to the relief of the victims of the disaster,’ using my ‘best judgment,’ I have given to the following :

“Mrs J. P. Clement, ten dollars. Her husband died six weeks ago, leaving her with a daughter and a son, twelve or fifteen years old, very promising children. They were instantly killed, and she was made unconscious by bruises. She is sheltered with a brother whose means are quite limited. She wished me to thank you.

“Prof. S. J. Buck, ten dollars. Some would pass him by, because he is a college professor and supposed to be above want. He will share but little in public distribution. But I know that he had no property but his large house, and that was not paid for; but his savings year by year were discharging the debt. His lot of land may be worth as much as the debt; but his case is a hard one. He is one of the victims, and your gift seemed very grateful. He may write his thanks.

“Miss Della Smoke, five dollars. She is a good

student, and, notwithstanding a black eye and many bruises, was able to take part in the essay reading at commencement. She waits on her mother, whose injuries are serious. They had their house torn down around them, and were thrown out some distance. Mrs. Smoke cannot leave the house of the doctor, where she was carried that night. The young lady writes to me expressing to you 'many thanks for this, another token of your generous, kindly feelings toward Iowa College and its students.'

"Miss Mary Logan, five dollars. She jumped from her bed that night and reached the cellar just as the house blew away. Her books and clothing were considerably injured, and of course only in part recovered at all. Though not wounded, the start did her some injury.

"I have also made some light purchases for Mrs. Havens, a widow, who was so much hurt that night that she cannot yet sit up. Her babe has been sick so as to increase the mother's anxieties. My daughters go to help her at the good neighbor's who has taken her in.

"The remaining money I will hand to individuals, as I learn their special needs. A young man, also, who had lost fifty dollars, and may have to stay out of college a term, as he is paying his own way, would not accept any aid of me. 'I can earn,' he said. 'Give it to those who need more.'

"The injured have been generally provided for by liberal contributions for the suffering. It is now only a question of relieving losses, and to some the losses have been as painful as bodily wounds would have been.

"And now, Mr. Fisk, let me thank you for the privilege of acting as your almoner.

"Yours very truly,

"FISK P. BREWER."

"OFFICE OF FREE THOUGHT,

"A Secular Journal.

"SAN FRANCISCO, January 14, 1888.

"DEAR MR. FISK,—It gave us great gladness and enthusiasm for our work, when we received your kind letter this morning with fifty dollars for *Free Thought*. We thank you for the gift and we shall use it for the benefit of the paper, to make it larger and spread it among the people. We have received great encouragement so far. Liberals of the coast respond generously to our enterprise, as you will see by the letters published.

"I am sure you could enjoy life in this country. The climate is mild and beautiful. The people are full of business and go-ahead, and don't take much stock in the old theology. There is work, however, to be done here, to organize the Freethinkers, and make them a power. This is what we mean to do. The churches are hard at work. They want to pass Sabbath laws and that sort of thing. A paper like ours is needed to be on the lookout for their projects and fight them. We are going to do our level best. You are a life-long sub-

scriber now of *Free Thought*, and can keep track of us and see how well we do our work.

"With warmest wishes for long life and health,

"Yours truly,

"SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"I add my heartiest thanks and best wishes to those of Mr. Putnam.

"Very respectfully,

"GEO. E. McDONALD."

A sewing woman, whose subsistence for herself and child was gained by the industrious application of her needle, unfortunately received by accident a painful wound in the hand. One of the fingers was broken, and it would, therefore, be a long time before she would be able to resume her usual occupation.

The facts in some way came to the ears of Mr. Fisk, who immediately wrote to a lady friend living in the same town, about fifty miles distant, inclosing ten dollars, to be presented to the unfortunate woman, although he had never seen or heard of her before. But that was only the first installment; he continued to send remittances for her benefit, until she was able to provide for herself. The following letter from the lady whom he had made his almoner in the case was written in acknowledgment of the receipt of his first remittance:

“—— WEDNESDAY EVE, August 15, 1888.

“REV. PHOTIUS FISK :

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—Yours with ten dollars inclosed for —— was received this morning. I put on my hat and went out immediately to place the bill in her hands. I found her nervous and impatient at her enforced rest. I chatted with her pleasantly, and soon had her cheerful and smiling. Then, placing the X and your letter in her hands, I said, ‘Here is some *salve* for the wounded finger.’ She looked at me a minute, and then the big tears overflowed her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. We talked about you, and her lips quivered as she said: ‘Tell him I thank him so much! he has made me happy. I am so grateful I don’t know what to say. Indeed, I don’t.’ I told her she was not the first one, by a great number, that had been made happy by your kindness and generosity, and I praised you a great deal, and told her some of your history, in which she was greatly interested.

“Her little girl, —— is her name, recited a long poem for me. She is seven years old, and is an exceedingly bright child. I intend to do something for her all along as she grows towards womanhood, whether she ever comes to live with me along with her mother or not. I was sorry to think she called to see me Monday, ‘in her white gown,’ as she said, and I was out; but she will come to-morrow or next day in the forenoon, when I will be sure to be in. I spent a pleasant hour with them, and the mother said that when her hand is well she will write you a note of thanks, but she cannot now.

“Yours truly,

“——.”

"BOSTON, May 31, 1881.

"PHOTIUS FISK, Esq. :

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge on behalf of the trustees of *Free Religious Index* your generous donation of one hundred dollars.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN C. HAYNES, *Treas.*"

"SALEM, August 13, 1880.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thy welcome letter containing a check for one hundred dollars was received yesterday. Please accept my grateful thanks for it. The beautiful words of the benediction come to me as I think of thy unselfish kindness to me: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

"To all of us, of mortal birth, at some time in our lives, in some way, comes our hour of need; and when that time may come to thee, be assured that there is no one who would render thee more grateful service than thy obliged friend.

"————."

"—— February 18, 1888.

"MR. FISK :

"KIND SIR,—Pardon the liberty I thus take in thanking you for your generous donation of ten dollars to me, by the hand of my good friend, L. K. Washburn. I have suffered long and patiently; but, driven almost to distraction, I was compelled to throw myself upon the mercies of my fellow Free Thinkers or die. I am now in the eighty-first year of my age, and for some years past I have been a great sufferer, and sometimes quite unable to earn a copper in a whole year. I have

been afflicted with rheumatism and dropsy for seventeen years, and have nothing that I can depend on but the little labor of my hands. I have children, but they are unable to help me much, and I have, therefore, often known the want of food. So you see what this poor old infidel suffers. I hope it will not be much longer. I desire death as a relief from all misery. I have certainly nearly lived out the measure of my days. I have ever been a moral, industrious, and careful man, avoiding intoxicants and narcotics ; but I suffered heavy losses in my younger days, and my last hope is in the goodness and mercy of my fellow-men, who will not, I trust, permit me to die of want.

"Again I thank you, kind sir, and remain,

"Yours sincerely, "————."

"—— January 9, 1889.

"PHOTIUS FISK :

"MY FAITHFUL FRIEND, — Yours of the 6th inst. came to me yesterday with twenty dollars, which greatly relieved me. I am waiting a little for a letter from Ohio, and shall probably go there to remain among friends, whom I have not seen for years.

"I am feeling quite well, but I was seventy-two years of age last November, and am every day reminded that I have not long to remain around here. When you feel that you are getting near the gate, give me a signal.

"What do you think of the new president ? If you see Lewis Hayden, give him my regards.

"May you have peace.

"I am very truly yours,

"————."

The following letter was written by a girl of fourteen years, the eldest of a family of four children, in acknowledgment of the receipt of twenty-five dollars, which Mr. Fisk had sent as a present to be divided between the four.

At the American consulate in Malta, in 1873, he made the acquaintance of their mother, an American lady, who married an English gentleman named Suter, before Mr. Fisk left the island. They afterwards settled in Turkey, and when travelling a few miles out of Smyrna, they were both taken captive by a party of brigands. Mrs. Suter was permitted to return to the city, but her husband was taken to the mountains and held for a heavy ransom, which the English government paid, and made a demand on the sultan for restoration of the money. The sultan withheld his assent at first, but, after a sharp diplomatic correspondence, he acceded to the demand; the treasury of England was reimbursed, and Suter was at liberty.

The facts in the case coming to the knowledge of Mr. Fisk, he opened a correspondence with the Suter family, which has been continued until this day. He sent the twenty-five dollars to make the children happy.

“SALONICA, TURKEY, October 17, 1889.

“MY DEAREST UNCLE FISK,—I received your last kind letter three days ago, with the beautiful present

you sent us all. How very kind of you to think of us! Thank you, very much indeed. Mother says, as times are bad, the boys and myself must not spend our money on toys, books, or any such things. As times are bad, we must get ourselves clothes. So I am going to buy myself a winter jacket and a hat, and the boys a suit of clothes each. I think mother is quite right, but the boys do not see it.

"Poor father has been very ill indeed, and has been in bed for a week. He is up, but is so weak he can hardly walk, and so of course he cannot attend to business himself, so mother goes to the office every day.

"You want to know about the brigands, but now they are very quiet, and we have not heard any thing about them for some time.

"The boys have both written you a letter. Henry dictated to mother and she wrote, as he cannot write yet. He has not been going to school long enough yet. He can draw rather nicely.

"I am sending you one of the pages out of my drawing-book, as mother says you would like to have one of them. I enjoy drawing so much; it is the best of all lessons, I think. Mother will write to you as soon as father is better.

"I will now end, as I have told you all my news.

"With best love, and many thanks for your kind present, dear Uncle Fisk.

"Believe me always your most affectionate little friend.

"DAISY SUTER."

"SALONICA, TURKEY, October 27, 1889.

"MY DEAR UNCLE FISK,—I was very glad to get such a nice present from you. thank you ever so much dear kind Uncle now thats the thing is What shall I buy. My mother says that this time Henry and I must get some nice warm clothes and what ever is left she says we can buy horses guns and other toys. Now good bye thank you again your little friend

"CHARLEY SUTER."

"—— April 18, 1889.

"MR. PHOTIUS FISK :

"MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,—Your monthly gift of ten dollars came to hand at 7 o'clock this evening. I can only repeat what I have so often attempted to express to you, my gratitude and my admiration of your constant, unfailing generosity and kindness, not only to myself, but to so many others.

"I am glad to learn that your health still permits you to ride out and breathe the fresh, invigorating air of spring. Every comfort, and every gratification and kindness that money and friendship can afford, should be enjoyed by one who so kindly and generously bestows his bounty upon those who need assistance.

"I think the genial weather of the spring affects me favorably, as did the mildness of the last winter, but there is no organic change for the better. I trust that you are as well as usual, and better ; but, at your age and mine, after the wear and tear of over and nearly three-fourths of a century, we cannot expect to be very strong.

"Again thanking you for your munificent and oft-repeated benefactions, I remain most gratefully and sincerely yours, "——."

"THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

"BOSTON, November 2, 1886.

"REV. PHOTIUS FISK :

"FRIEND,— You are surely very kind to remember us every year as you do. Your memory is as true as your heart. Of course, we know well it must be a pleasure to you to feel that you have the means to do this ; but many others who have the means do not seem to appreciate the pleasure. You will feel that you have helped to make some poor children happy, with better clothes, better food, and better care.

"Our best wishes attend you. Hoping you are in usual health. Yours truly,

"FRANK B. FAY, *Gen. Agent.*"

"OFFICE OF AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

"CHICAGO, March 3, 1889.

"PHOTIUS FISK, Esq., Boston, Mass. :

"DEAR Mr. FISK,— I was surprised beyond measure this morning when I received your check for thirty dollars, by Mr. Mendum, of Boston. And, as usual, you were down for the largest individual amount.

"Were I to exhaust the vocabulary, I could not fully express the debt of gratitude I owe to you, so I will not attempt it. I only hope that the results of my efforts will prove entirely satisfactory.

"Sincerely yours,

"E. A. STEVENS, *Secretary.*"

The following letter was dictated by Mr. Fisk, in response to an appeal for aid from an aged woman in destitute circumstances, and afflicted with an incurable malady, of which she died a few weeks later.

"613 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.
January 16, 1888.

"To Mrs.——— :

"DEAR MADAM,— Yours of the 15th inst. is just received. I deeply sympathize with you in your affliction, and send you inclosed herewith ten dollars, to procure such comforts for yourself as you may need.

"I am myself in feeble health, but I am still able to ride out occasionally in fine weather.

"Please answer this at an early day, as I always wish to know whether money sent by mail is received by the right party. Yours truly,

"PHOTIUS FISK."

During the last few years of his life, the corporeal infirmities of age rested heavily upon Mr. Fisk. His agile step grew less elastic and his movements slow and cautious; his sense of hearing became dull by slow degrees, until a loud tone of voice was requisite in reading and speaking to him, and he also acquired the habit of speaking loudly in conversation, as if that his hearers were likewise hard of hearing. But the greatest deprivation of his declining years resulted from a gradual failure of his power of vision. Two years before his

death, his eye-sight was so far impaired that he was unable to read any thing for himself. Consequently, his letters and the daily papers were read to him, and his large correspondence was written according to his dictation by the hand of an amanuensis. Nor could he even distinguish the features of his nearest friends and constant attendants; and, therefore, he must inquire the name of every one who should speak to him, unless he could recognize them by the voice.

In consequence of his enfeebled condition and defective sight, he found it impossible to make his way upon the street without an attendant, upon whose careful guidance he could rely, and upon whose arm he could lean for support. The exercise of walking wearied him greatly, and for that reason he seldom walked abroad during the last year of his life; but, believing exercise to be indispensable to the preservation of health, he availed himself of frequent opportunities to ride out in the horse cars, sometimes even in stormy weather, saying in reply to the cautionary protest of his attendant that he was not soluble in water. He preferred to take the route to Brookline or to Jamaica Plain, or to ride past the Public Garden and the Common, although he could not discern the once familiar landmarks on the way. He often inquired of his attendant, "Where are we now?" And sometimes, when the point at which they had arrived was designated, a feeling of sadness

was made manifest in his countenance, and he would deplore in words his inability to distinguish even the outlines of the buildings upon either side of the street. And on one occasion, when opposite the Public Garden, he said, "The beautiful scenery of the suburbs and the public parks,—the hills, the trees, the shrubs, the flowers, the birds, have no existence for me now, save as a memory of the past. The works of nature and of art are veiled forever from my sight. I am a prisoner confined within myself; but the day of my deliverance is not far off."

Yet, his native buoyancy of spirit never gave place to despondent moods, nor were his mental faculties perceptibly impaired with the decline of his physical energies. His memory was remarkably retentive, and his reasoning faculties remained apparently in full vigor, until prostrated by his last and fatal illness. He took a lively interest in the current news, often commenting at length upon items of foreign intelligence, or upon articles relating to the freedmen of the South,—their social conditions, their newly acquired civil rights, and the educational facilities provided for their intellectual and moral advancement, and was also especially interested in all matters relating to the public schools, and often expressed his decided disapprobation of Roman Catholic interference with our school system.

His personal associations with mankind restricted

by his physical conditions mainly to a narrow circle of intimate friends and beneficiaries of his bounty, while his memory continued unimpaired and all his faculties of reason were apparently as active as in the prime of life, his thoughts and conversation centered chiefly in the past. The adverse conditions and the struggles of his early life, the incidents and efforts of his more mature years, his conflicts with industrial, political, social, and proprietary wrongs, with his successes and defeats, passed in review before his mental vision, and his ready speech revealed to his attendant the details of his varied and eventful experience in life, until his lungs were wearied with the effort.

The hilarity of youth, the aggressive energy of middle life, and the irascibility of old age are natural conditions incident and peculiar to these respective periods in human life. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Fisk, with all his native generosity and kindness of heart, became somewhat irritable in his old age ; and that, in his decrepitude and consequent almost entire seclusion from the busy scenes of life, he sometimes became unduly agitated by slight annoyances, or by any opposition to his peculiar views, or failure to anticipate and gratify his wishes, even though he might not have expressed them.

His Free Thought views underwent no change. He often spoke of his approaching dissolution, saying,

"Death is near at hand. I am in no haste to depart from this life, but I am resigned to the inevitable. I am not aware of having made any preparation whatever for my advent into this life, and I can see no sense in making preparation for the next, if there is another life. How can I make preparation for conditions of which I know nothing? We know that we die. Beyond that, all is conjecture. Death is the end of life, — a change less to be feared than is our birth into this life, to encounter all its ills of suffering, sickness, degradation, misery, squalid wretchedness, and want. I have no evidence of any other life but this ; but, if I find there is another life for me to live, I will provide for its requirements after I get into it and find out what the needs of that life are, as I provided for the needs of this life, not before I was born, but afterwards."

Late in the fall of 1889 and early in the winter of 1890, the form of influenza known as "*La Grippe*" was prevalent in Boston, and on the 28th day of December, 1889, Mr. Fisk was prostrated by that malady, which at first assumed its usual premonitory symptoms of pains in the back and head, followed by alternate periods of delirium and apparent unconsciousness, with occasional brief intervals of lucid mind. His disease, at times, took on the form of violent insanity, succeeded by extreme weakness and loss of power to move his limbs, or even to articulate his words and make them understood by his attendants.

After an illness of nearly six weeks, in the early hours of the evening of February 4, 1890, he sank into a state of coma, in which he lay unconscious until the morning of the 7th, when, his earthly work being finished, he bade adieu to earthly scenes, and entered into his eternal rest.

Thus passed away one of the few unselfish benefactors of mankind, who lived but to deliver the enslaved from bondage, to redress the wrongs imposed upon the weak by arbitrary power, to bestow the bounty of a generous hand upon the needy, to instruct and elevate the lowly in the scale of intellectual and moral culture, and to scatter blessings in the pathway of all classes of his fellow-men, but more especially the pathway of the poor and the oppressed. And, therefore, we may contemplate the character of Photius Fisk as we survey the grandeur of some noble structure—strong, majestic, beautiful, symmetrical in its proportions, faultless in its harmony of details, and environed with delightful scenery,—with enraptured admiration of the beauty of its outlines and the blended harmony of its component parts.

HIS WILL.

On the 21st day of July, 1888, Photius Fisk executed a will, giving \$200 to the Colored Women's Home in Boston, \$10 per month each to five persons during their respective lives, and placing the residue of his estate, amounting to the sum of \$30,000, in the hands of Charles Endicott and Martin P. Kennard as trustees, and directing them to devote the income and any part or the whole of the principal of the trust fund to such charitable uses and purposes as they should deem best.

That will remained in force until March 18, 1889, when Mr. Fisk executed a new will, continuing Mr. Endicott and Mr. Kennard as executors and trustees, but adding the name of Edwin R. Flint as executor and trustee upon the list with them. In this new will, the legacies to the Colored Women's Home and to the other five beneficiaries named in the old will were re-affirmed, and the residue was constituted a permanent fund, the income of which, should be distributed by the trustees to such needy and fortunate persons as they, in their judgment, should deem worthy.

But, on reconsideration of the matter, Mr. Fisk conceived that, inasmuch as Mr. Endicott and Mr. Kennard were both men of large public and private business, one of them holding the office of Collector for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the other that of Assistant Treasurer of the United States, at the head of the sub-treasury in Boston, neither of them would have either the time or the inclination to canvass the town, in order to find out who might be most in need of a dollar and a half, and to distribute the income of his estate in small amounts year after year indefinitely, as he desired to have it done.

And, therefore, he determined that, while his friendship and respect for both remained unbroken, and his confidence in them continued unabated, he earnestly desired that the income of his property should be distributed in small amounts among the poor and needy, after his death, as he had scattered it among them during his life, and would, therefore, relieve them of a task which must be onerous to them, and which they could not conveniently perform, and would place the whole matter in the hands of men who could and would attend to it according to his wishes.

Accordingly, he executed a new will on the 21st day of May, 1889. That was a copy of the will of March 18th, except so far as it related to the appointment of executors and trustees, the name of Lyman F. Hodge

being substituted for those of Charles Endicott and Martin P. Kennard.

After the death of Mr. Fisk, this last will was filed for probate by the executors in the Probate Court, but was contested by John M. Rodocanachi, the Greek consul for Boston, in behalf of alleged heirs in Greece.

At the conclusion of three or four hearings in the Probate Court, the will was disallowed upon the ground that Mr. Fisk was of unsound mind when he made it. The executors appealed from the decision to the Supreme Court, in which, at the end of a three days' trial, the final decision was reached, that Mr. Fisk was evidently of sound mind and fully competent to make a will, provided no undue influence was exercised over him; but, in the opinion of the Court, Lyman F. Hodge had exercised undue influence, in order to secure the appointment as executor and trustee for himself, and the Court would, therefore, set the will aside.

Edwin R. Flint, as one of the executors under the will of March 18, 1889, then filed a copy of that will in the Probate Court, Mr. Endicott and Mr. Kennard refusing to join him in the matter or to act as executors with him. And at the close of the hearing in the Probate Court, that will was allowed, and Mr. Rodocanachi appealed in turn to the Supreme Court; but, just before the time appointed for the trial, Messrs. Endicott and Kennard accepted the place of executors

and trustees with Flint; compromised with Rodocanachi by paying him \$10,000 from the estate for the benefit of the alleged heirs in Greece. They also paid the expenses of the litigation for both sides in the contest from the estate. That amounted to \$5,000 more, thus reducing the estate to one-half of its original proportions, which amounted to full \$30,000 at the time of the death of Mr. Fisk.

THE END.





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